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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Showing America

WHO speaks a good word for the 'nineties now? What critic celebrated the exquisite low reliefs of Mary Wilkins reeman's short stories when last year the American cademy awarded her its gold medal a decade as usual) too late? Who spoke a fitting word at the eath of James Lane Allen, recalling that pearl of outhern sentiment, "The Kentucky Cardinal—(the es, were they really cut off!)? Who forgets, t who speaks, of Colonel Carter of Cartersville d his rugged cuffs, or Amos Judd, or Monsieur eaucaire, or the whimsical creoles of George Vashington Cable, or Van Bibber, or Dr. Lavenar? Outmoded now the humors of sentimental earts and alien to the city life of an America that nds "nize" babies and hotel women and night clubs ore amusing than country life, which, according present convention, is sordid, or the small town, hich exists now only to be satirized. And yet, ough lacking our sophisticated superiority, what a ift that generation had! They were not writers f scope and ruthless honesty. No American accepted in the 'nineties would have had the courage, nder the maternal eye of Howells, to put in *all* out the murder (and the murderer, and his sisters, d his cousins, and his aunts) as Dreiser is now plauded for doing. They were not disillusioned —life for them was full of queer corners where e saddest and most amusing things happened. hey were never bored, and never bored their eaders. Like the actors of that day, they were not shamed of sure-fire appeals to the sentiment of eir audiences. Tears, happy endings, mysterious reat ones (a specialty of Robert Chambers), reersals, broken hearts and mended ones were comon property, and even Miss Wilkins made her rovincial New England grandiose in its tragedies, nlike Main Street of today, or that most undesirble house under the elms of O'Neill's New Engand. But what a sense for personality they had, hat a feeling for character and neighborhood, how any people they created that one can still call by ame!

Theirs was the art of local color, a minor art, in hich the color often subdues the story to its own ses, yet an art especially congenial to a congeries f sections such as was, and to some extent still is, he United States. Was there ever a nation richer materials for a picturesque literature in the day hen a New Englander *was* a New Englander, a outherner still unreconstructed, the West untamed, he South West still Spanish, the hill folk primitive, he Irish immigrant not yet pursy, the great rivers till alive with traffic, pioneering a fact, and such evellers as syndicates, moving pictures, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and chain stores not yet invented!

We shall regret the loss of all that color. We re already regretting it: the screen has begun to evive the old character parts and make romantic he individualism of the days before standardizaion; the novelists, wearying of analysis, are beginning to reconstruct.

Miss Edna Ferber's just published "Show Boat"* s local color come to life again, and it is not merely ecause she takes for scene the Cotton Blossom iver theatre floating down the Mississippi that her ook is so rich in "characters" (Schultzy, Ravenal, Parthy, Captain Andy, Julie, Elly, Magnolia, the heroine herself), "characters" are at home in a local color story. There is not much plot, for the author is interested in life not in plot, there is just the river and the folk of its own that it breeds like a flora and fauna. Miss Ferber has less to go on than the writers of the 'nineties who had seen for themselves local color at its liveliest. One feels that she has "got up" the river and wide-open Chicago and even the marvelous New England school-marm Parthenia, who makes the theatre serve puritanism and thrift, got them all up with the high competence of her short stories of modern bourgeois life where nothing relevant is omitted and

(*Continued on page 54*)

*Show Boat. By Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $2.

At Cashel *

By PADRAIC COLUM

ABOVE me stand, worn from their ancient use,
The King's, the Bishop's, and the Warrior's house,
Quiet as folds upon a grassy knoll;
Stark-grey they stand, wall joined to ancient wall,
Chapel, and Castle, and Cathedral.

It is not they are old, but stone by stone
Into another lifetime they have grown—
The life of memories an old man has:
They dream upon what things have come to pass,
And know that stones grow friendly with the grass.

The name has crumbled—*Cashel* that has come
From conqueror-challenging *Castellum*—
Walls in a name: No citadel is here,
Now as a fane the empty walls appear,
Where green and greener grass spreads far and near.

*On the Rock of Cashel, which was anciently the seat of the Kings of Munster, three buildings stand—Cormac's Chapel, a Cathedral, and a Norman castle. The place-name is derived from the Latin Castellum.

This Week

"The Cambridge Medieval History." Reviewed by *Charles H. Haskins.*

"History of Ireland." Reviewed by *Edmund Curtis.*

"Negro Workaday Songs" and "Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro." Reviewed by *John Harrington Cox.*

"The Freedom of the City" and "A Bucolic Attitude." Reviewed by *H. W. Boynton.*

"The Leper Ship." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

"Beau Sabreur." A Review.

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"The Martrydom of Man." Reviewed by *Hendrik Van Loon.*

"The Time of Man." Reviewed by *Joseph Wood Krutch.*

Tradition and Poetry

By EDWARD DAVISON

THE chief traditions of English poetry may be reduced from a thousand details, very broadly and briefly, to a few general statements. Recapitulation cannot be without value at a time when *a priori* ideas concerning literature are becoming as common as books of worthless verse. Not to beg the question "What Is Poetry?" with some theoretical definition, it may be said, in the phrase of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, that it is the "kind of thing that the poets have written." It appears, taking this kind of thing all in all, at its best, that the poets whose names we honor have accepted and passed on certain guiding traditions. The poet writes in patterns of verse, either already existing or, maybe, self-invented. These are governed variously by repetitions of rhythm (and, sometimes, also of rhyme) admitting such variations as can be achieved without offending the essential character of the basic pattern. The musical result can only be judged by the degree of pleasure attending both the fulfilment and unfulfilment of the reader's expectations which the pattern itself has created. Neither fulfilment nor unfulfilment should create displeasure. Any subject is fit for poetry if it has been felt in the right way. This involves the poet's emotional, and, sometimes, his intellectual integrity; but it does not involve accepted ideas of truth or untruth. There is also a tradition that poetry should be generally intelligible. The poet can borrow anything he likes from the works of other writers and is justified in doing so in every instance where he improves or has obviously attempted to improve his original. A comprehensive view of the "kind of thing the poets have written" also reveals that, in all ages and countries, poets have been particularly interested in certain phenomena of human existence, such problems and feelings as surround, for instance, the perennial occurrence of birth, death, love, in its various aspects, the changes wrought by time, and in some obvious concrete evidences and symbols of these occurrences as, children, stars, flowers, mountains, graves, and so forth. On or around such themes great poems have been written in every age. Very justly we say of such poems that they treat traditional subjects.

* * *

There are no rules for the writing of poetry, only these few guiding traditions which it is in the power of any good poet to modify or increase. The current tendency is to view new poems wherein these traditions are observed as if they were merely academic exercises. Many critics approach them in a spirit that seems to suggest that the poets of the past had a monopoly of genuine feeling in their attitudes towards the perennial subjects of poetry. They do so in contempt of the fact that recent poetry, in many fine instances, has confirmed the existence of these traditional interests in the twentieth century no less than in the fifth century B. C. Mr. Gordon Bottomley's "Atlantis," and Flecker's "To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence" may be particularly recalled. In the latter

I care not if you bridge the seas
Or ride secure the cruel sky
Or build consummate palaces
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still
And statues, and a bright-eyed love,
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,
And prayers to those who sit above?

Mr. A. E. Housman has the seed of the whole

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realization in his poem "On Wenlock Edge." The Shropshire Lad looks at the heaving Wrekin near the ruins of the old Roman city realizing that

> Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman
> At yonder heaving hill would stare:
> The blood that warms an English yeoman
> The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.
>
> The gale it plies the saplings double,
> It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:
> Today the Roman and his trouble
> Are ashes under Uricon.

It is not easy to know why the current critical attitude towards the traditions embodied in such poetry as this should so often be false and unfriendly. A young poet beginning in 1926 to express his peculiar temperamental response to the perennial sources of wonder, on lines traditionally parallel to those followed by his great predecessors, is compelled to run a worse gauntlet than any that is awaiting the poet who ignores the ancient materials. Only the rarest kind of critical faculty is able to distinguish between the kind of verse where a mere imitator echoes the traditional materials in traditional verse and, on the other hand, such poetry as has been honestly conceived and written in the traditional spirit. It does not, of course, require any very great insight to recognize the difference between the traditional extremes of Mr. Robert Bridges and Mr. Edward Guest. But unless that insight is accompanied by a realization that the difference is one not merely of quality, but also of kind, the critic might as well be without it.

In various epochs the traditions of English poetry have been whittled down by temporary conventions, customs and rules artificially imposed by a passing generation. The epochs when men have prolonged their offences against the traditions have inevitably been succeeded by epochs of literary revolt. New poets insist upon the destruction of the hampering conventions and restore the permanent traditions. Wordsworth and Coleridge, for instance, attacked and defeated some powerful conventions that had restricted and staled the form, language, and range of English poetry for nearly a hundred years. They were not, as is often supposed, the enemies of tradition. A good poet is bound to be a rebel against convention unless he can forge it to his uses in such a way as brings it under the rule of the traditions. Thus Shakespeare mastered the conventions of the Elizabethan love-sonnet which, in many contemporary hands, had offended the tradition of poetic integrity. He converted a form of superior *vers de société* into the living sonnets we know. He destroyed a convention to create a tradition. Milton destroyed a convention that had made rhyme an almost inseparable part of poetry and created, within the poetic tradition which he restored, a tradition of Miltonic blank verse. In our own time Mr. Vachel Lindsay split a lance against the convention of verse-written-to-be-read and, in some quarters, restored a very ancient tradition of verse-written-to-be-declaimed. Any tradition which excludes other traditions is one which is in danger of becoming a convention. The convention that led the poets of a bygone age to say in heroic couplets anything and everything they had to say offended the tradition in just the same way as the gradually dying modern convention whereby many poets persisted in saying their all in free verse. Poetry is inseparable from its traditions. But we live now in an age so inured to the idea of "revolt" in poetry that amid the continual flux of reactions and counter reactions, little attempt is made to distinguish the rebel against tradition from the rebel against convention. Who knows what our own conventions are?

A celebrated contemporary historian has unashamedly declared that "Tradition is the bread-and-butter of civilization." He is in no way belied because the platitude must have been hoary when men built the Parthenon. But, because so many of our half-wits retreat to its convenient shelter when their opinions are called into court, there is no need to jib at the reiteration of a truth which the history of civilization, no less than of literature, the "fine flower of civilization," confirms in every chapter. The literary critic neglects such platitudes at his own peril. Today when the word traditional is applied to poetry, as often as not, as a derogatory epithet, it is only too easy to forget that a poet may, and often does, follow the oldest traditions of his art and yet merit the highest admiration. Mr. Robert Bridges, the English poet-laureate, perhaps the most traditional of all living poets, is nevertheless ranked, at least by his fellow artists, among the best lyric and narrative poets of our times. In America, Mr. Robert Frost and Mr. E. A. Robinson, both traditional poets (if the word has any meaning at all), are now generally considered, after years of neglect, as the chief exponents of their art. The achievement of all three poets reveals a greater freedom and more extensive range than one remembers to have observed in the work of the self-declared "revolutionary" poets who have attempted to forswear the traditions during the past two decades.

It is time then, risking platitudes, to insist that new poetry of the traditional order should be approached on its merits and not in the unreasonably suspicious and timid spirit now increasingly revealed by so many of those journeymen critics and reviewers whose responsibility it is to introduce an author to his immediate audience. It is imperative to recognize that "poetry is a continuous movement." Poetry has always begotten poetry. Shakespeare, of all poets the most original, was also the most imitative. Keats acknowledges a score of debts, notably to Spenser, Milton, and Dryden. Shelley, in many of his finest passages, derives from Æschylus and Shakespeare. And Mr. John Masefield would not be the poet he is if Chaucer had never written "The Canterbury Tales." Poetry will continue to beget poetry in the old way. The absence of such influences in the work of a beginning poet, or even of a mature poet, is seldom a sign of virtue.

But criticism today, especially that hand-to-mouth criticism known as reviewing, which is more generally read and certainly more influential locally than more reputable essays in the great and difficult art, is degraded by the prevalence of several fallacious *a priori* notions concerning poetry and the influence of poets on one another. None is so dangerously misleading, so unjustifiably preconceived as the muddled notion that a regard for poetic traditions is incompatible with poetic individuality. There is a general tendency to interpret as synonymous the terms "traditional" and "conventional," on one hand, and "derivative" and "imitative," on the other. The old procedure of reviewers has been turned topsy-turvy since the days when Jeffrey and Gifford damned a new poet if he failed to write in some recognized mode. It is not uncommon for their living successors to deny virtue to new poetry for no better reason than that it does follow a recognized mode. Needless to say one extreme is as bad as the other. In both instances the critic declines to take poetry as it is written, for what it is (not for what it claims to be), and to judge it on its particular merits or demerits. Apart from the consideration of such extremes it appears—and any representative collection of current reviews will illustrate the convention—that good poetry of the traditional kind (excluding, of course, the work of established poets like Mr. E. A. Robinson or Mr. A. E. Housman) is treated unfairly and ungenerously in comparison with meritorious work that is not in the broad tradition. Thus a poet as remarkable as Mr. George Santayana does not receive the same amount of serious critical attention as, say Mr. E. E. Cummings, or Mr. T. S. Eliot. Such a state of affairs is absurd and cries for remedy quite apart from the various particular merits of the poets concerned.

The existing prejudice—for it deserves no kinder description—against traditional poetry can, of course, be explained as a very natural reaction against the past age of conservative literary authority. One kind of intolerance and narrow-mindedness has been substituted for another. But a twentieth century quarrel, like that of Crites and his friends in Dryden's "Essay," between the "ancients" of the day-before-yesterday and the "moderns" of the day-after-tomorrow, can only be unprofitably ridiculous. There have been many attempts to provoke such a quarrel during the past fifteen years. Some of our self-styled "rebels" have frightened the journeymen critics (and not a small number of editors) into the ignorant and cowardly attitude that turns its back upon many facts and questions concerning the value of tradition in poetry.

A typical instance could have been noticed recently in the prospectus of a new "advanced" magazine originating in New York. It was declared unequivocally that the editors would not print any poems concerning moonlight and roses. The magazine was planned to represent the art and interests of "The Age of the Machine." There was no reason to suppose that the declaration was not to be taken quite seriously. One might travel far without finding a better experiment in the ancient art of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face. Admittedly, roses and moonlight have been responsible for as much bad verse, throughout the ages, as any other phenomena of the physical world. But to think of poetry in terms of "subjects" is to misapprehend its essential nature. It is the nature of a poet's feeling about his "subject" that is important, not the subject itself. English poetry robbed of its moonlight and roses would be the poorer by scores of its loveliest pages. An editor, setting out to glorify a machine age, is not, of course, compelled to print such excellent poems, and passages from poems, as have actually been written by living poets like Mr. Walter de la Mare, Mr. Robert Frost, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Carl Sandburg, and Mr. W. H. Davies. But a predetermined refusal of such poems appears, in the end, as a refusal to recognize that poets in a machine age actually do write good poems about moonlight and roses. We are opposed not to a reasonable view of poetry so much as to a mere reactionary prejudice against certain physical objects which may or may not be the immediate causes of excellent poetry. It need not be denied that an automobile, or any other machine, is potentially as worthy and likely a subject for poetry, especially today, as the reddest roses that ever faded in a moonlit garden. But is a good poem about a machine necessarily better than a good poem about a rose? And shall we add anything worth having to literature by persuading the poetasters to give up their moonlight and roses in favor of electric fans and typewriting machines?

It may be granted that most of these people are not merely playing up to a deliberate "stunt," that they are, at least, emotionally honest. But the poets and critics who have declared themselves the enemies of the so-called "wornout traditions" can usually be shown to be victims of some similar prejudice as the one recognized above. Since the "Imagists" issued their manifesto some twelve years ago—a manifesto containing such demonstrably false preconceptions of the poetic art that one marvels now that anybody took pains to prove them so at the time—, since then, the "new" poets, as well as the critics and reviewers who have acclaimed them, have been lamentably backward in stating any kind of credo which could survive critical examination. In the absence of some critical attitude formulated in applied opposition to (what should be) the easily anticipated objections of their opponents, it is not unjust to assume the existence of some prejudice based on feelings of mere reaction. For wise and reasonable reaction is inevitably governed by ideas that can be formulated in organized detail. But we may search almost in vain for such criticism. Indeed, the only recent poet whose revolutionary theories appear to have a basis tenable in terms of reasoned literary criticism is Mr. T. S. Eliot. And even he required the careful apologetics of one of the most brilliant living psychologists and critics before it was possible to come to intellectual grips with the *raison d'être* of his poetry.

Perhaps the only way to account for the failures and prejudices discussed in this article is a recognition of the fact that we are all too self-conscious in our views of the position this age will occupy in literary history. We are too much interested in the future of literature to pay a proportionate regard to its past. When Mr. Christopher Morley wrote from England "Leave the future of American literature to take care of itself" his voice was crying against the wind. It would never be heard by the countless authors and reviewers who live on the *qui vive*, anxious to be among those who will first hail the appearance of another Whitman, a Californian Keats, or a Manhattan Balzac. Like the public for which they make their promises and prophecies they are living on their literary nerves. Such an attitude might easily involve self-defeat when the great moment comes. The next chapter in the history of literature will not necessarily be unlike all those that preceded it. And even if, in the end, it appears that we have been entertaining angels unawares there is not yet any good reason to suppose that those angels will have turned their golden wings away from the traditions upon which poetry has thrived since the days of Shakespeare.

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Cambridge History

THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY. Planned by J. B. Bury. Edited by J. R. Tanner, C. W. Previté-Orton, Z. N. Brooke. Volume V, Contest of Empire and Papacy. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $13.50.

Reviewed by Charles H. Haskins
Harvard University

"ANOTHER damned thick, square book," said the Duke of Worcester on the receipt of a new volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and such may be the reaction of many a reader on taking up a volume which devotes one thousand pages to a period which Gibbon dismissed in four chapters. The editors of the "Cambridge Medieval History" do not, however, expect their work to be "on every table and almost on every toilette," to quote the complacent phrase of the matchless "Autobiography;" it is written for scholarly reference rather than for popular or even continuous reading, and in general its aim is well fulfilled. Nowhere else in English can we find a better summary of present-day knowledge of the Middle Ages, set forth soberly and compactly, without flourish but without needless dryness.

The seventeen contributors to the present volume are almost wholly British. The chapters from the competent hands of MM. Chalandon and Halphen and the late Count Ugo Balzani make more glaring the absence of any German contributions to a period in which German affairs bulk large; but the English writers know their way about the continental literature of their subjects, as may be further seen from the hundred pages of elaborate bibliography. The scholarship of the volume is reasonably up to date, and occasionally, as in the Anglo-Norman chapters of the regretted W. J. Corbett, there is something definitely novel. If the style is more interesting than in many of its predecessors, this may be due in part to the interest of the topics treated.

The period here covered, ca. 1050-1200, is one of the most important in the whole series, comprising the struggle between Empire and Papacy, the Crusades, the Norman Conquest of England and Sicily, the Angevin Empire, the rise of towns and the spread of commerce, the twelfth-century revival of learning, the emergence of French poetry, the great epoch of Romanesque architecture and the beginnings of Gothic. For those who must think in biographical terms, it is the age of Hildebrand and St. Bernard, of William the Conqueror, Henry II and Frederick Barbarossa, of Anselm and Abelard and Chrétien of Troyes; it is also the age of the little known scholars who brought Arabic science to the West and the unknown architects who built the great cathedrals. How much of all this will find its way into the Cambridge series, it is too early to say without a glimpse of the unpublished sixth volume, for which many of the more cultural topics are apparently reserved. The fifth is limited to the church and the principal countries, Germany, Italy, France, and England, and is largely political and constitutional. Thus there is more on the origin and structure of the towns than on the occupations of their inhabitants, more on the institutions of the church than on its life. If this prove disappointing to devotees of social history, it is well to remember that it is just this institutional framework which it is hardest for the reader to supply, and when once this is grasped it is not hard to fill it in from other and more popular books.

The tone throughout is realistic and concrete rather than rhetorical. Thus the Crusades are viewed less as an outburst of religious zeal than as a phase of the continuous struggle between East and West, and, although the reviewer is not convinced that this chapter gets to the bottom of the subject, it is pointed out that their results are hard to distinguish from the general history of their epoch. "It is indeed impossible to set down any general effects which the Crusades had upon feudal society as a whole," a statement in refreshing contrast to Gibbon's assertion that "the conflagration which destroyed the dull and barren trees of the forest gave air and scope to the vegetation of the smaller and nutritive plants of the soil." On the intellectual side "St. Louis, as Joinville shows him to us, or Joinville himself, was not intellectually changed by his crusading." The "illustrative or pictorial" numbers of the chroniclers also dwindle before critical examination: the crusaders at the most are numbered in tens, not hundreds, of thousands, just as the army of William the Conqueror cannot have exceeded 5,000 men, although in that age "even 5,000 men were an almost fabulously large force to collect and keep embodied for any length of time, nor were there any precedents for attempting to transport a large body of cavalry across the sea." From a fresh analysis of Domesday Book it is shown that the Conqueror's annual revenue from rural sources was about £73,000, and its distribution is examined in an illuminating fashion. It is suggested that the anarchy under Stephen was less widespread and less destructive than is commonly supposed, while writs and pipe rolls are made to yield new evidence for the bureaucracy of Henry II.

There is much in the volume for the lawyer if he be historically minded. Henry II is pictured as the greatest lawyer of his time, a strong statement that, and his fame still rests "on his achievement in setting English lawyers upon the paths that they have trodden for seven hundred years, and are indeed treading yet." The longest chapter of all is that dealing with Roman and canon law through the Middle Ages, the work of Professor H. D. Hazeltine who now occupies Maitland's chair at Cambridge. A native of the common-law state of Pennsylvania, a graduate of Brown University, the Harvard Law School, and the University of Berlin, the author possesses the many-sided training necessary for his theme and views it in the wide perspective of the general history of European civilization. Both Roman and canon law are treated as emanations of ancient Rome, the former already perfected under the Empire, the latter then only beginning its evolution, but both constituting a part

FAIR LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.
OLD & YOUNG
THE COVETOUS BARONET
OR THE WIDOWS ADVERTISER
John Dineley
SIR JOHN DINELEY, BART., AND HIS PROCLAMATION TO THE LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN

Sir John Dineley, Bart., and His Proclamentation to the Ladies of Great Britain.
From "The Marriage Market," by Charles Kingston (Dodd, Mead).

of the world's Roman inheritance. The central point in the long medieval development is the revival of legal science in the twelfth century, when Italy becomes "for a while the focus of the whole world's legal history," and "in law, as in art, letters, and other features of culture, Italian history is at the same time world history." In tracing the influence of Italian jurisprudence down to the Renaissance Professor Hazeltine emphasizes its influence upon the common law, not only upon the form of books like Bracton, but upon procedure, and substantive law. Whatever may have been the debt of Equity to civil and canon law, the courts Christian shaped the law of wills and matrimonial causes, and even a thing so English as the law of the sea is deeply indebted to the medieval maritime codes and to the civilians who sat as judges in the Admiralty courts.

Another valiant but less successful attempt at condensation is found in the fifty-page essay of Mr. W. H. V. Reade on medieval philosophy. Independent and stimulating, it is full of debatable matter, nor is it always abreast of the most recent scholarship. The author is unfamiliar with the latest researches on the translations from Greek and Arabic; he is unacquainted with Abelard's "Glosses on Porphyry" as published by Geyer; and he can write of Roger Bacon's astrology in ignorance of the studies of Professor Lynn Thorndike. In extenuation it must be said that there is no field of medieval studies in which investigation has in recent years been more active.

Irish Annals

HISTORY OF IRELAND, 1798-1924. By Sir James O'Connor. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926. $12.

Reviewed by Edmund Curtis
Trinity College, Dublin

THESE two volumes, the work of many years, make a contribution to Irish history notable not only for the vast amount of information contained but also for the new angle from which the author surveys the Anglo-Irish struggle of the last century and a half. We have had it treated from the Nationalist side and from the Unionist side, but seldom if ever from the point of view—possible only to an Irish Catholic of Celtic blood and patronymic—that England's intentions were good and her actions often beneficent, that her rule in general was of enormous and lasting benefit, and that the Union of 1800 was a fair bargain, which however in the long run proved a failure, not for intrinsic reasons in the Act itself, but because of the essential religious and racial differences of the two islands. Judge O'Connor's purpose is to show us how and why the Union failed. In doing so, he turns aside frequently to make many observations, many amusing, some penetrating, and not a few (to Irish Nationalists) unpalatable, on Irish leaders and parties, and on Irish racial, climatic, economic, and religious characteristics. Whether one is amused, convinced, or annoyed by these, it cannot be denied that the main part of O'Connor's work is a serious and sustained attempt to cover the larger aspects of Irish history since the extinction of Grattan's Parliament.

His work is based on extensive reading and is abundantly documented, so that serious students of Irish history, after getting through their Bagwell and Lecky, must now pass on to O'Connor. His chapter on the financial relations between England and Ireland since the Union is a masterly handling of a most complicated and polemical question. On the Catholic versus Protestant question, and the attitude of Catholic theologians towards rebellion and sedition we must listen to him with respect. His treatment of O'Connell as a windbag and buffoon, void of honest and constructive ideas, is perhaps unjust and superior from one who would aspire to the historian's gift of understanding men and movements in relation to their times. In this matter the "Liberator" is not the only victim of O'Connor's lash, for many Irish heroes of the popular and eloquent type fall under his displeasure. But all that is consistent with his main thesis that the Union failed because the Anglo-Irish conflict, which according to him might have been confined to the questions of land-tenure and religious equality, was whipped up by popular leaders of the O'Connell type into a racial war in which Ireland "reached the most amazing depths of self-deception," until the supreme folly was reached in the "Irish-Ireland movement" of our own times, which he characterizes as "full of absurdities and extravagances."

We could wish that in treating of men still living or names dear to the Irish memory O'Connor could have refrained from some personalities, but it is hard for an Irishman to restrain the national sense of the comic. He represents what we may call the Catholic-Whig position to which his bishops and respectable leaders had come a hundred years ago, that of a distaste for nationalism and proletarian movements and a taste for the English as against the Gaelic language: he says that "the Irish national movement was in essence a struggle between a Catholic and a non-Catholic civilization," and that is why, though with many misgivings, he accepts the Irish Free State, which however has no place for him, as the inevitable and only possible solution of the long strife. It brings Ireland, he says, political freedom, but what is better still, her intellectual freedom, for the Anglo-Irish conflict made correct thinking impossible.

While appreciative of constructive leaders and thinkers like Davitt, O'Connor has little sympathy for the idealists of the Gaelic and old-Irish movements or for the language revivalists, and he is in-

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adequate on the importance, quality, and direction of recent Anglo-Irish literature. To think of Irish life, political, religious or social, as static and unified may appeal to some minds, but so many strands, Gaelic, Protestant, English, Catholic, have been interwoven in the national life and tradition that the Irish character remains still delightfully expressive, varied, and individual, and its future interestingly uncertain. This, many think, is the great creation of Ireland, more valuable than mere economic wealth or political solidarity, and refreshing by contrast with the uniformity of great modern states. To believe in this is to believe in tolerance, and hence views so untraditional and strongly expressed as Judge O'Connor's, even if often unwelcome to Irish Nationalists and to Irish Protestants, too, must be welcomed and examined.

Negro Folk-Lore

NEGRO WORKADAY SONGS. By Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1926. $3.

FOLK BELIEFS OF THE SOUTHERN NEGRO. By Newbell Niles Puckett. The same. $5.

Reviewed by John Harrington Cox

Author of "Folk Songs of the South"

ONE of the most striking things in modern scholarship is the way it is turning the light upon the Negro and his folk-lore. To the literary man and the sociologist this vast field has a strange fascination. Only one who has endeavored to work in this subject can appreciate its illusiveness. Its profundity and the many angles from which it may be attacked are drawing to it some of the best equipped investigators of the day. To the long list of books and articles on the Negro and his songs at least three outstanding volumes were added last year, namely, "On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs," by Dorothy Scarborough; "The Book of American Spirituals," by James Weldon Johnson, and "The Negro and His Songs," by Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. No doubt this alluring and almost illimitable field is to be the happy hunting ground of the sociologist and folk-lorist for some time to come.

"Negro Workaday Songs" is a most admirable presentation of the subject. Although primarily a study in sociology, it is scarcely less interesting as a literary production. All the songs were taken directly from Negro singers and the selection of the specimens presented was evidently made with an eye to literary appreciation. The discussions are exceptionally readable. One senses the subtle humor and the weariness of the long road in

> I done walk till,
> Lawd, I done walk till
> Feet's gone to rollin',
> Jes' lak a wheel,
> Lawd, jes' lak a wheel.

The book rises to its climax in the chapter, "John Henry: Epic of the Negro Workman." The authors think that John Henry, "mos' fore-handed steel drivin' man in the world," was "probably a mythical character." Nine major variants of the song and four minor ones are given as typical of the great hero of "hundreds of thousands of black toilers."

The prose epic of John Henry related in the volume is certainly not less interesting than the songs about him and is no mean rival to the tale of Paul Bunyan himself, as the following bit will testify:

> One day John Henry lef' rock quarry on way to camp an' had to go through woods an' fiel'. Well, he met big black bear an' didn't do nothin' but shoot 'im wid his bow an' arrer, an' arrer went clean through bear an' stuck in big tree on other side. So John Henry pull arrer out of tree an' pull so hard he falls back 'gainst 'nother tree which is full of flitterjacks, an' first tree is full o' honey, an' in pullin' arrer out o' one he shaken down honey, an' in fallin' 'gainst other he shaken down flitterjacks. Well, John Henry set there an' et honey an' flitterjacks an' set there an' et honey an' flitterjacks, an' after while when he went to git up to go, button pop off'n his pants an' kill a rabbit mo' 'n hundred ya'ds on other side o' de tree. An' so up jumped brown baked pig wid sack o' biscuits on his back, an' John Henry et him too.

Fourteen typical Negro tunes given in the book and an illuminating chapter on Phono-Photographic Records, presenting eleven graphs with explanations, greatly enhance its value. An excellent bibliography and an adequate index complete the volume.

* * *

"Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro" belongs to the type that first appears as a doctor's dissertation and later eventuates into a book. Worked out under the auspices of Yale University it bears the marks of careful scholarship that one expects to see in a doctor's thesis from that institution. All the apparatus so dear to the scholar's heart is to be found here: the detailed table of contents giving a bird's-eye-view of each chapter; the profusion of footnotes; seventeen pages of references cited; an alphabetical list of four hundred and seven informants with their addresses and the names of the institutions to which many of them belong; and forty pages of index. These help make it possible to find anything in the volume with a minimum of time and effort. The student is impressed with the thoroughness and accuracy of the treatment, with no sense of pedantry, while the easy style and the all-pervasive human interest should make it a fascinating book for the general reader.

In the chapter on "Practical and Emotional Background" the author traces the "mental heirlooms" of the black race of the Old South in part back to the dark continent whence it came, but also discovers that

> choice items of folk-lore were handed down from the white master to the better class of slaves with whom he had more friendly contact. These European beliefs were later forgotten by the white man and relegated by the more advanced Negro to the garret of mental life; but in the more illiterate Negro sections, and especially in the rural sections—the very woodshed of Negro life—may be found many fragments of European thought. Mutilated and half-forgotten, smeared with the veneer of culture, and hammered together with items of "book-larnin," health-propaganda, Scripture, and what-not, this miscellany nevertheless shows the Negro to be, at least in part, the custodian of former beliefs of the white.

The author aptly observes that this European lore had a greater chance of perpetuation than the purely African lore. The latter would be likely to die out "since its devotees in America were too few in number and too scattered to provide the constant repetition necessary for remembrance."

Mr. Puckett finds that of the broad African traits, laziness, humor, and sexuality are most prominent. Of the first he observes that "the slavery-time environment of the Negro was not calculated to leave a traditional background making for habits of energy and foresight." He sees in the Negro's lively sense of humor a "survival-value in that it prevents pining away under adversity" and cites as a "splendid illustration of balsamic utility" the following:

> W'ite folks lib in a fine brick house,
> Lawd, de yalluh gal do's de same;
> De ole nigger lib in Columbus jail,
> But hit's a brick house jes' de same.

A well-regulated sex life he judges to be in part a "result of cultural background" and the sexual indulgences of the Negro "may conceivably be a racial characteristic developed by natural selection in West Africa as a result of the frightful mortality."

Leaving to the philologist a first-hand perusal of the discussion of True Linguistic survivals, embracing such terms as voodoo (or hoodoo), goober, pickaninny, Gullah, wangateur, hully-gully, and tote, the reviewer is tempted to cite for the delectation of the general reader a few such specimens of mutilated English as the "Christian and Deviled Egg Society" (Christian Endeavor and Aid Society); "Dem curious Cadillacs (Catholics) what woan' eat no meat on Friday;" "De nineteen wile in his han'" (the anointing oil in his hand).

A marked bit of the Negro's practical and emotional background is his passion for joining lodges and societies. His grandiloquent speech is as useful in telling something about himself as it is in expressing his ideas. Consider the following from the standpoint of wishing to be impressive:

> Underneath de ole foundations whar imputations rivals no gittin' along.
> When Moses had grew to a manhood
> To a gypsum once he had slun.

The telling of animal tales is almost a passion with the African Negro, a passion that survives in his Southern descendants. These stories had a far deeper purpose than merely furnishing entertainment. "Almost always the weaker animal by his superior wit wins out in the contest with more ferocious animals of superior strength. In a symbolic way this may have been originally a form of prayer or incantation whereby protection against these powerful denizens of the jungle was secured." A study of these pages furnishes a background for a larger understanding of "Uncle Remus." From a discussion of the origin and the world-wide parallels of the famous "Tar-Baby Story," the investigator leads on through erroneous nature-beliefs (such as that the hoop-snake can stand on the tip of its tail and whistle like a man, and that frogs eat buckshot and coals of fire), riddles, proverbs, games, African music, slave dancing, holy dances, and "jump-up-songs." We read that a Negro prayer is really a spontaneous song and that sorrow is expressed in the same fashion.

In the exposition of the practical and emotional background of the Negro, the chapter pushes on through Negro song structure, religious songs, ragtime and jazz, education by song, rhythmic lore, funeral fun, *et al,* until apparently every conceivable phase of the subject is exhausted.

* * *

Eighty-eight pages are given over to burial customs, ghosts, and witches, in which the reader is edified and entertained by such topics as stygian signposts, graveyard omen, dead detectives, ghost dodging, Negro ha'nts, cadaverous avengers, vampires, ghouls, spookey humor, and how to see ghosts, until one wonders along with the author as to whether the Negro has not a reality inherent in his make-up that the white man lacks.

The origin of the Voodoo Cult, its savage rites and outgrowths in various conjurations claims one-fourth of the volume. In addition to unquestionable testimony, the author writes with the certitude of personal observations. This is no doubt the most deep-seated and most terrifying of the beliefs that the Negro brought with him from Africa.

One phase of the Voodoo Cult is the worship of the python and thousands of these serpent worshipping tribes were sold as slaves into the Western world. Its chief priests were a king and a queen, into whose bodies the spirit of the python entered and spoke through them in a strange voice. In New Orleans "Li Grand Zombi" was the mysterious power that guarded and overshadowed the faithful *voodo.* Through page after page of these nauseating and terrifying rites, the vivid portrayal holds the reader enrapt. The account of Marie Laveau (the last of the Voodoo queens), diabolical festivals, initiations, modern voodoo dances, the African witch doctor, the Southern hoodoo doctor, trick bags, conjure balls, images, reptiles in the body, hoodooing for science, and a score of other topics testify to the wide ramification of this cult and its fascinating interest.

Two chapters deal with positive and negative control signs, cures, and taboos. Prophetic signs and omens furnish material for another chapter, and the book closes with a discussion of Christianity and Superstition, a brief but vivid and powerful picture of the mingling of superstition and religion in the Negro soul.

"Folk-Beliefs of the Southern Negro" is an indispensable book to any one who hereafter shall plow in this field.

To ensure perfect collaboration between author and artist, G. K. Chesterton has done all the illustrations for Hilaire Belloc's new humorous novel, "The Emerald," in Mr. Belloc's presence.

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Urban or Bucolic?

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY. By CHARLES DOWNING LAY. New York: Duffield & Co. 1926. $1.00.

A BUCOLIC ATTITUDE. By WALTER PRICHARD EATON. The same.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

THIS is an odd pair of booklets, if it can be called a pair. The author of the first is a Fellow of the American Society of Landscape Architects and ardently exalts the place where landscape is not or nearly not. The author of the second is (or is best known as) a dramatic critic, and writes here like a country gentleman. Mr. Eaton has the advantages of being a professional writer, and of appearing in rebuttal. Mr. Lay wrote his book in praise of the city and then the publishers asked Mr. Eaton to speak for the country, with the Lay argument directly in mind.

Mr. Lay writes awkwardly, as an advocate piling up points rather than as a lover of the city discoursing on the charms of his mistress. He also writes intemperately. He commits the cardinal error of building his praise of one thing on dispraise of another. On the whole, our impression is that he isn't quite comfortable in his own mind about the status of the city as against the country. He protests too much, strains too many points in favor of his client. Why should his liking for New York make him so short with people who prefer living elsewhere? The truth is, his book is primarily a defense of the city and, but for a perfunctory word or two at the outset, he will say nothing good of the country.

People, he begins, object to the city because it is crowded; but this is the great virtue of a city. Crowds mean coöperation and specialized service. Your chores are all done for you in the city. Your heat, your light, your snow-shoveling are all lumped into the rent. Moreover, "there are within a thousand feet of 42nd Street and Broadway, New York, 56,000 seats in theatres and in the whole city 96,000 seats." In such dreary and discouraging data, Mr. Lay's spirit rejoices; and he will not admit that there are any benefits to make up for them outside of city limits. "Think" (he breathes with a sort of reverent wonder), "think, for instance, what a yell from a city window will bring. First a policeman, then firemen, and an ambulance with its doctor and nurse. What use to yell in the country?" Well, one use is that you can yell in the country without fetching any of those functionaries. The welkin is yours, one of your luxuries, and you ask no man's permission to make it ring. But this is wasting yells, from Mr. Lay's point of view.

The short of it is, that upon the sound premise that city people need not apolgize for liking to live in the city, he builds a heavy and lopsided argument against the country. In his use, as Mr. Eaton is quick to remark, the terms city and country have little meaning. When he says city, he means one city, New York; and when he says country he means something quite below the average of life as now lived, outside of New York City, by really quite a few millions of contented citizens.

Mr. Eaton's book was occasioned by Mr. Lay's; but as he admits in his "Foreword," is less controversial than autobiographical. It is a very pretty piece of familiar writing, in which the writer applies the touchstone of his personal experience to the case in point. After a good many years of life in the city—Mr. Lay's City—years which brought him to the verge of a nervous breakdown, Mr. Eaton took a house in Stockbridge, and began to enjoy life. Later he bought a mountainside farm in the Berkshires, and busied himself making over an old house to his taste. The bulk of this book is a description of his makings and doings in this country setting, almost as circumstantial as that with which Mr. Hergesheimer has recently edified his public.

As for the matter of city vs. country, Mr. Eaton does not treat it as ground for heated argument. He gently suggests three or four tolerably patent facts. The first is that what is true of New York is not true of American cities in general: "I could take a New Yorker to twenty cities where he would be almost as completely miserable as he would be living up here where I live, in the Berkshire Hills." Another is that you get vastly more space and comfort for your money, indoors and out, in the country than in the city. And another is the country-dweller is as free to get the city when he wants it, as the city-dweller is to get the country—a fact which Mr. Lay disingenuously suppresses. Finally he touches on that mysterious call or pull of the land, that passion for breathing-space and elbow-room which still keeps so many millions (rather against Mr. Lay's advice) in the country: "I know that when one of them gives up his ancestral home for an Upper West Side flat, gives up the plow handles for the bank clerk's pen, gives up the sight of our mountain for the movies, gives up the freedom of the country for the cramped restlessness of the city, he is giving up something fine and precious. What he gets in return may quite compensate him. That, after all, is a personal matter."

A Strayed Cavalier

IS 5. By E. E. CUMMINGS. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLENN HUGHES
University of Washington

THE volume under consideration is not a mathematical treatise; it is a series of experiments in typography. The author has very generously used up a number of his lyric poems in the process, and if he is not prosecuted by the anti-vivisectionists it will merely show that the feelings of a poem are not held in the same reverence as those of a kitten.

Is it necessary to state that Mr. Cummings is one of the most brilliant young American poets? Two previous collections of his poems (not to mention the recent *Dial* Award) are proof enough of his unusual skill in the matter of putting words together to create a sensation. His sophisticated wit ranks him with T. S. Eliot, his audacity, with Ezra Pound. One might go on like this for some time, comparing him with those to whom he is obviously indebted, but it will perhaps be sufficient to mention Gertrude Stein, the world's most famous stutterer, and the Cavalier Poets, whose subtle blending of erudition with frivolity might easily win for them the title of "the Eliots and Cummingses of the seventeenth century."

It must have been quite apparent to many readers that in the best of his early lyrics Mr. Cummings was reviving, and with indisputable success, the mannerisms of Marvell, Suckling, Herrick, and Carew. He even intensified their preciosity. "And your quaint honor turn to dust" sounds like Cummings, but actually is Marvell. "The liquefaction of her clothes" is a familiar line from Herrick, but how Mr. Cummings would like to have written it! And he almost could have, for he is clever. In "Puella Mea," his most pretentious *poême d'amour*, he set down line after line of exquisite gallantry. He pressed his adjectives too hard, but still he created a charming poem. Its movement was not too stiffly metrical, its punctuation only slightly perverse. And several of the sonnets in the same volume achieved nearly as fine an effect. But the mood which inspired them has now vanished. Herrick has been returned to the shelf, and courtliness cast aside as an outworn cloak.

It is not strange that a young man should exhibit a passion for seventeenth century poetry, nor that he should try in his modest way to improve upon it. It is not even strange that a clever young man should exploit his cleverness by means of mechanical trickery. But it is strange, not to say disconcerting, that a clever young man should grow into his tricks rather than out of them. Yet that is just what Mr. Cummings has done. In his new book he has descended to the very depths of type-arrangement. He has done his level best to give a flat poem point by twisting it into a puzzle. Followers of W. Somerset Maugham's fiction will recall the asinine Mrs. Albert Forrester, who "was able to get every ounce of humor out of the semicolon." What a trivial and uninspired person she seems beside Mr. Cummings!

As I have already indicated, one could forgive the author of these poems his exasperating humor of punctuation did he offer as reward any richness of thought or feeling. But in "is 5" the form too often is an empty shell. There are in the collection a few lyrics with the biting quality of Sandburg's realistic sketches, and there are others (dealing with the banalities of American life) that George Jean Nathan might have written in his sleep after dining on rarebit and moonshine at a Negro cabaret. Again, we are given the portraits of "Five Americans." All five of them are prostitutes. (This particular humorous device is so out-moded that one is embarrassed at meeting it again.) Finally we are presented with disjointed monologues in New Yorkese. The manner of Milt Gross for the manner of Herrick—that is the metamorphosis of Mr. Cummings.

I know artists are always saying that a good painting looks as well upside down as any other way. And it may be true. The question now arises: does the same principle apply to a poem? But it is not necessary to answer the question; if a poem is good, people will gladly stand on their heads to read it. It is conceivable, if not probable, that the favorite poetic form of the future will be a sonnet arranged as a cross-word puzzle. If there were no other way of getting at Shakespeare's sonnets than by solving a cross-word puzzle sequence, I am sure the puzzles would be solved and the sonnets enjoyed. But what about Mr. Cummings? Can his poems surmount such obstacles? Well, perhaps if they cannot survive as poems they can survive as puzzles.

No, the book is not a mathematical treatise, yet it has an equation for a title. The author tells us explicitly in his introduction that he is not trying to be original, that he is but demonstrating once again the "purely irresistible truth" that two times two is five. Thus the subtlety of the title lies not in its significance but in its abbreviated form. The danger in such an abbreviation should be apparent to the author: in these days of prodigious child poets it is misleading for the jacket of a book to carry the legend, "E. E. Cummings is 5." I am sure he is older than that.

Anguish and Rebellion

THE LEPER SHIP. By ISADORE LHEVINNE. New York: The Halcyon Books. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE three short stories in this volume are all grim, powerful, and as unpleasant as life. The title story deals with an ill-fated refugee ship from Vladivostock, a mysterious nameless wreck of a ship which appears from no one knows where, takes on its cargo of human derelicts, and sails away for Shanghai. Amid the defeated humanity on board there is one radiant figure, a young and beautiful girl; she is found to have contracted leprosy and is murdered; gradually the ship becomes a shambles of disease, terror, and crime. Badly captained, it wanders from its path to Manila, where it is refused entrance, thence back to Hongkong with the same result; finally it starts wearily for San Francisco. But long ere this the leper ship has entered a timeless realm of horror; the seas which it sails are those of the Flying Dutchman and the Ancient Mariner; it has become a floating segment of Hell where the voyagers, isolated from past and future, suffer a purposeless eternal punishment.

The same sense of irretrievable doom dominates "The Visitor" which narrates the vain attempt of a talented Russian Jew to escape his racial heritage. Having come to America, supplied himself with a convenient Spanish ancestry, and obtained a professorship in an American college, he has broken all external ties with his past only to have it surge up within him and clutch him by the throat at the touch of a letter of denunciation from his dying father. Strange irrational forces, rooted in his organism, overthrow the fine intellect and hurry him into madness.

Slightly less despairing but also less powerful is "The Lost Youth." One is tempted to suspect from the careless printing of the whole volume that the article crept into this title by mistake; at any rate, the story deals with the tragi-comic theme of all lost youth, not with the trivial question, "where is my wandering boy tonight?" The tragi-comedy is that of a middle-aged high school teacher in New York City who falls in love with one of his pupils, a flapper from the Jewish East Side. The pitiful capers of second adolescence are revealed mercilessly but the author is too good a psychologist to attribute them entirely to a physical basis. The desire of the tired bachelor for a home and domestic responsibilities underlies and outlives the sexual infatuation and finds some solace at the end in caring for the family of the Jewess while she herself journeys onward and downward.

Mr. Lhevinne is at his best in the mood of defiance that governs most of his work. "The Leper Ship" and "The Visitor" are cries of unyielding anguish. The style writhes and quivers with scorn, hatred, unavailing rebellion. Realistic so far as frequently to pass into the disgusting, his

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scenes are nevertheless marked by an intensity which detaches them from local time and place and gives them a symbolic value. The evil that triumphs nearly everywhere is intangible, formless, a kind of seething mass of instincts, desires, and habits that drives his characters to destruction. He sees a world of men and women fighting against themselves, slain by themselves or by the powers of chaos in themselves. One may wish that there were more cosmos in Mr. Lhevinne's philosophy, but a living chaos is better than a dead cosmos. And Mr. Lhevinne's chaos is most terribly alive.

Swinging Romance

BEAU SABREUR. By PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1926. $2.

WE (or, at least, that part of us which is this review) have not read "Beau Geste," Major Wren's previous tale of the African Desert. But "Beau Sabreur," his latest romance, is so exciting, so exceptional a tale of adventure, that we shall make haste to repair the gap and, further, to read everything else the author has written. Let there be no misunderstanding. "Beau Sabreur" is not a good book in any reasonable literary sense of the description. It bears the same kind of relationship to, say, one of Conrad's novels as a newspaper account of a dog fight bears to "Paradise Regained." Considered as a piece of writing it is crude and raw: in spite of the author's preface, a plea to undermine the reader's disbelief, we insist on regarding the Major's story as an improbable impossibility. He swears that "it all actually happened." What "it"—the story—is let no reviewer attempt to tell. Sufficient to say that for sheer ingenuity the present writer knows none to match it. Major Wren piles up his surprises, Pelion on Ossa, and interest follows him breathlessly to the last page.

His book is in the grand manner of military romance and yet arouses everything that the best kind of detective story arouses in the mind of the reader. What though the gallant Major's chapters are continually brought to a close with the phrase "All very interesting . . ."—his book is one more proof that the tale's the thing, that lack of humor, poor writing, indifferent psychology, a snobbish and priggish hero, an affected and silly heroine, and all else, may still be forgiven when they merely serve to further a clever and exciting story. We unreservedly recommend "Beau Sabreur" as one of the most eminently readable books of recent years. And—virtue of virtues—it is completely unpretentious.

Four hundred teachers throughout the United States recently reported the ten best American books in their estimation to the editor of *The Golden Book*, who publishes the results in the September issue of his magazine. They are as follows:

Twenty-five books by twenty authors received sufficient recognitior to be included in the results. Of the first ten Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome" is the only one of newer vintage than the nineteenth century, and this stands eighth on the list. Edgar Allan Poe's "Tales" and Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter" were practically unanimous for first and second position. The first six showed little difference in judgment, but less than half as many picked "The Rise of Silas Lapham," by William Dean Howells, as agreed on Melville's "Moby Dick," respectively seventh and sixth in the ranking.

No author is mentioned twice in the first ten, but Hawthorne and Mark Twain appear each once again in the supplementary list of fifteen where Washington Irving has three books and Henry James two.

This ranking of the considered few is then compared with "box office results" in the form of a list of American books of which a million or more copies have been sold. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was tenth on the critics' shelves, "The Virginian" (fourteenth), "Ben Hur" (sixteenth), and "The Call of the Wild" (twentieth) are the only ones to show this mass purchasing power, but by lowering the bars to 750,000 copies "The Scarlet Letter" (No. 2), "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (respectively Nos. 3 and 23), "The Last of the Mohicans" (No. 4), and "Rip Van Winkle" (No. 22) are found to meet both qualitative and quantitative analysis in the chemistry of American taste.

The Bowling Green

Precis of a Journey. III.

ONE purpose of this journey was to settle, in the most æsthetic and philosophical manner, an ancient dispute between Madrigal and myself on the relative merits of Scotch and Irish whiskeys. So it is that any account of the adventure at the bridge of Glen Dun must begin at the Refreshment Room of the railway station at Coleraine.

Our host at Milford had given us some valuable pointers on the three most famous Irish distillations —Power's, Jameson's, and Bushmills. To me, Bushmills had always been a name of bright tradition. Madrigal, I think, was inclined to vote for Jameson. But our adviser had rather led us to believe that in Ireland itself Power now holds the palm. (I would not have you interpret these differences too bitterly: one does not make comparisons among goddesses, nor choose a favorite of the three divine Graces.) See us, therefore, when changing trains at Coleraine with half an hour to wait, buying a bottle of Power as laboratory material. The young woman at the Refreshment Bar we imagined a lineal descendant of Kitty in the old ballad. ("When beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping with a pitcher of milk to the fair at Coleraine.") The bottle, duly wrapped, was entrusted to Madrigal's care. It went with us on the tram past the village of Bushmills itself, where we saw the home of that rival fluid wistful in the distance. That wet and chill evening at the Giants' Causeway it came forth once or twice from its parcel for gentlemanly inspection, so that I was well familiar with the shape and size of the package.

* * *

The next morning, in blinks of changing sunshine and shadows, we drove along the Antrim shore. Outpost cliffs of Scotland lay on the horizon, the light changed and rippled on the Irish hills, on the steep granites of Fair Head. In Ballycastle it was market day, we saw pigs bigger and pinker than it had ever occurred to us to imagine. If swine should ever again want a Gadarene setting in which to rush down a steep place into the sea, then Ballycastle is their place. Then we turned off across the peat bogs. That morning is not forgotten. It was too excellent for speech. We sat, tightly compressed in Dan Daly's smart little car, silenced with air and contentment. Then, after those miles of moorland, where the fresh peats are neatly turned up like slabs of chocolate, we dipped into a sudden ravine. There were birch trees, a braying of rooks, and an elfin valley widening to the sea. This was our first glimpse of the glens of Antrim. Down there the village of Cushendun where Moira O'Neill lives. (We imagined we spotted her very house, a white mansy-looking home among trees.) Moira O'Neill, whose Songs of the Glens we had loved so long and most of which Madrigal knows by heart. This was a moment, our instincts told us, for commemoration.

It was high noon; the sun was well over the foreyard, if we took even the tallest of Antrim's mountains for reckoning. We pulled up on the stone bridge, gazing down where the stream hurries. It was one of those collaborations of place and destiny when it is best not to speak one's intentions, but to allow natural good instinct to express itself. I was afoot beside the bulwark of the bridge. I could see Madrigal, sitting tightly wedged in the back seat, rummaging in his pocket. The familiar package emerged. He sat holding it, I stood contemplating him. This, for him even more than for me, was a millennial moment. I wondered what word of Irish magic would be uttered. I myself had only some vague feeling that gratitude should be uttered to the singer of the glens. She would never know that we had paused to look toward her home, had drunk her honor, and had passed on. But so often we know nothing of the nicest things that happen to us. Thus we all hung, pivoted on a crystal pinpoint of eternity, in that nooning sun. The rooks creaked in the treetops, birches and hazels quivered in blue light, the stream glittered in amber sluice.

"Don't you think we ought to do something about Moira?" said Madrigal, looking at me with something quick, bright, even fanatical in his handsome grey eyes.

"I sure do," I said, with my eye on the parcel.

"Well, here's to her!" he cried.

My heart stood still, then leaped against its usually solid moorings. It is a fact; then for perhaps the only time, I felt that smothered spring of the cardiac muscles when the heart gathers itself to jump like a frog. For there, floating past my palsied arm, passing in slow curve, falling a hundred feet to the glen below, was the precious parcel. Our bottle, our laboratory bottle, our bottle (practically full, I remembered) of John Power and Sons, ten years old. Of course Moira O'Neill is a great poet, but I hadn't intended to *sacrifice* the bottle to her, only to drink it in her honor. I gazed in horror over the parapet. Madrigal's mercurial mind, I supposed, had been ungeared by this great moment. But there, thank God, lay the parcel, safe on a little sandy shelf beside the brook. It had not broken.

I could not speak at first, and I still shuddered, for native impulse had almost carried me over the bulkwark in attempt to seize the falling treasure. Yet in a way I admired my friend. Truly this was a notorious gesture. Not I, not I, would have done it. As my blood resumed its pedestrian march I admired him more than ever before. He had made a sacrifice worth while. For how many years had we dreamed of our voyage to Ireland; of the first bottle of Irish whiskey shared on its own sod. I turned to him, aghast, perhaps, but still with an unwilling homage breaking through. After all, the inn at Cushendall was only a mile away. . . .

"Come on then, let's drink it," he said. He was pouring from a different bottle. He had divided the Power into two smaller flasks for convenience of transport. The package for which my heart had leapt was empty.

"Here's to Moira!" he said. "The Power and the Glory."

* * *

That afternoon we walked down Glen Arriff in sudden spangles of sun. We stumbled down the ravine among ferns, bluebells, rhododendrons, and a wheen of flowers and mosses dripping like sponges. In midsummer, I dare say, it is a bit picnicky, but in early June you have it to your lane. There are little falls, and quick iced-tea-colored water in pots and cascades. Below one of the falls is a moist log cabin with colored panes of glass through which you can see the bright curtain of water in queerly melodramatic tints. There is a little tea-barracks below the Glen, where a young woman showed us shamrock growing under a hedge. "And now," she said, with the air of one who had often been spoofed but who was still anxious to get at the truth, "Is Niagara really any bigger than Glen Arriff?"

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Showing America

(*Continued from page* 49)

nothing irrelevant retained. But the getting up is good. When Kim, the granddaughter, so to speak, of the Show Boat emerges as a stage success of the modern, sophisticated variety in New York, the fabric of the story weakens and pales. The "frail and brittle" life of current New York does not lend itself to local color.

Not so the Mississippi. With the river, Miss Ferber's synthesis is a grand success. We have learned something about story telling (thanks to the high price of space) since the 'nineties, and Miss Ferber uses her experience. The narrative skips adroitly back and forward through three generations, plucking from roaring Chicago and brittle New York only what will best serve as background for the show boat where Elly and Julie perform, while Jo sings spirituals in the galley, Parthy glares over her corsets, Magnolia makes her debut and the river rushes by.

The local colorists of an earlier generation would enjoy, one guesses, "Show Boat," while finding it (like New York) a little brittle, intellectual, "got up." They would be pleased with the "characters," quick to approve such drama as the discovery of Julie's Negro blood, or the comedy of Gaylord's "ef he loves yuh and you love him," and if they should say that it is only local color after all, why so were theirs, so is all local color unless it is something more.

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Books of Special Interest

Looking for Mind

THE WORLD COURT. By ANTONIO S. DE BUSTAMENTE. Translated by Elizabeth F. Read. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by HAMILTON HOLT
Rollins College

WE have at last a book in English on the World Court that is commensurate with the subject. Professor Manley O. Hudson's admirable volume on the court, though of high technical excellence, was after all a collection of propaganda papers and addresses which necessarily lacked the unity, the historical range, and the philosophical perspective so conspicuous in Judge Bustamente's treatise.

Though international progress, thanks to the existence of the League of Nations and the World Court, is being made faster today than books can keep up with the record, the present volume is so well done that it will not have to be done over again. It will doubtless remain the authority on the Court for many years to come.

Judge Bustamente precedes his discussion of the structure and functions of the Court with a detailed and comprehensive history of the movements toward peace in general and the Court in particular which have engaged statesmen and been the dreams of the poets, prophets, and philosophers from the time of Greece and Rome to that of Woodrow Wilson. He has evidently drawn largely for this survey on American sources, for he constantly emphasizes the American point of view in his narration and seems to be thoroughly familiar with all phases of the American peace movement. His chapters on the work of the two Hague Conferences are especially illuminating, while that on the unhappily defunct Central American Court of Justice contains material that will be new to most students of arbitration. But as the author is a Spanish-American himself this should cause little surprise. The chapter that traces the genesis of the Court from the Paris Peace Conference is historical scholarship at its best, though the author seems to be unaware that Woodrow Wilson's first draft of the Covenant provided for no court at all, but merely for the most casual form of voluntary arbitration—a proposal in full keeping with Wilson's well known apathy to lawyers and judges.

The remaining chapters deal with the organization and working of the Court. The author, being a Judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice, naturally speaks with especial authority. The chapters on the "Jurisdiction of the Court," "The Procedure of the Court," "The Judgments of the Court," "The Advisory Opinions of the Court," "The Sanctions of the Court," and "The Workings of the Court," constitute easily the most illuminating treatise on international adjudication yet written. The author's comment and conclusion for the most part are friendly, though he never hesitates to criticize if criticism is needed. His statements are temperate yet unequivocal. His style is lucid and lofty. The present reviewer can find no major sins of omission or commission to record. The only minor errors worth raising are the following:

In enumerating the names of the ten world jurists who refused to be candidates for election to the Court, Judge Bustamente fails to mention Elihu Root. He refers to the fact that the four American members of the old Hague Court refused to make nominations for judges to the World Court "because they did not consider themselves legally qualified to do so, because their country had not ratified the Treaty of Versailles." But Judge Bustamente does not later tell us that the self-same American judges—namely, Messrs. Elihu Root, John Bassett Moore, George Gray, and Oscar S. Straus, after Mr. Hughes and Mr. Harding had withdrawn their opposition and come out in the open for the Court, changed about face and nominated a judge for the vacancy caused by the death of Barboza of Brazil. If the American four were right the first time they should not have made a nomination the second time. If they made a nomination the second time, their reasons for refusing to nominate the first time were invalid. Judge Bustamente frequently gives high praise to James Brown Scott, Secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, for his work in furthering the Court idea. Dr. Scott undoubtedly deserves much commendation for his consistent and persistent advocacy of the Court, especially in the earlier stages of its development. Yet as soon as the Court actually entered the realm of practical statesmanship, Dr. Scott seemed to cool off. Like Senator Borah in this respect, Dr. Scott is for "a" court, but when that measure has a chance of actually coming into existence, he is against "the" court.

So much for petty criticisms. Judge Bustamente will not please the American anti-internationalists or those who fear to arouse their ire when he says: "The Court is the advisory organ of the League of Nations and it is not easy to understand how it can refuse to give an opinion that is asked for, when it is a question of international law that is involved." This is of course the correct point of view. But evidently Mr. Edward Bok, who writes the introduction to the book and whose "American Peace Foundation" presented this book to the American public, overlooked the above quotation, for he says:

> No one, when he has finished reading the present work of the writer, can honestly say again that the World Court is an agency of the League of Nations—that is, if he is open to intelligent conviction, particularly as he is being written to by a judge of the World Court, a member of the old Hague Court and a man who has given the best part of his life to the study of international relations and how far law can take the place of war.

The author makes also a very penetrating analysis of the functions of force and authority in his chapter on Sanctions:

> The distinction must be kept close between force which is the physical instrument of authority and authority which is the moral support of force. Authority may maintain itself without any great amount of force . . . but without a certain degree of authority force immediately becomes unendurable tyranny, leading to revolution and reaction. This Court should obtain the maximum amount of authority between the nations, and then it would need only a minimum amount of force in order to obtain respect and obedience for its decrees.

When the Advisory Committee of International Jurists met at the Hague to frame the Court, Leon Bourgeois, the greatest and noblest of then living French international statesmen, speaking in behalf of the Council of the League of Nations, concluded his address of welcome in these memorable words:

> Gentlemen, you are about to give life to the judicial power of humanity. Philosophers and historians have told us the laws of the growth and decadence of empires. We look to you, gentlemen, for the laws that will assume the perpetuity or the only empire that never can decay—the empire of justice, which is the expression of eternal truth.

This is the spirit in which the Court began. This is the spirit in which the Court has been working in the three years of its existence. One can recommend Judge Bustamente's book to all who would understand one of the two great living instruments destined to play a vital rôle in abolishing what Thomas Jefferson called "the greatest scourge of mankind."

Carthage Must Be Rewon

DIGGING FOR LOST AFRICAN GODS: A Record of Five Years' Archæological Excavation in North Africa. By BYRON KHUN DE PROROK. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by ASHTON SANBORN
Boston Museum

SOME living Americans know Vergil's poignant story of the Punic queen's infatuation for a Trojan prince with its tragic ending while her careless lover sailed for Italy to satisfy his greater ambition by founding the city Rome; and more may remember the historic century of the Punic wars on land and sea—Hannibal with his elephants crossing the Alps, Duilius drowning the sacred chickens in defiance of inauspicious auguries—by which Rome at last brought her hatred and dangerous commercial rival to annihilation as complete and tragic under the curse and ploughshare of her victorious general Scipio. But by far the most at the present moment undoubtedly know the city of Carthage from the publicity it has recently received in the American press. Since the war archæology has been discovered by the world at large, and the dust of ancient sites, familiar hitherto only to the *savant* working in studious oblivion, has suddenly stimulated the imagination and filled the eyes and nostrils of enthusiastic amateurs and dilettanti. The smother is probably good for everybody concerned, though it may temporarily irritate both the inexperienced newcomer who has fancied that digging up buried towns and people is just one big thrill after another, and the trained scientist who knows how laborious is this phase of historical research which demands enduring patience, self-sacrifice, persistence, and the development of a highly specialized type of imaginative insight capable of recreating from fragments of fact carefully observed the clear image of vanished civilization.

The pallid ghost of Pierre Loti haunts this youthful effort at describing emotions aroused by excavations at Carthage, by sunsets over provincial Roman ruins, by birthday bonfires and champagne on the steps of an ancient temple, by the reiterated "curse of Scipio" which adds a touch of idle tears and infinite pathos to the intermittent Byronic romanticism of the book. Designed to excite popular interest and financial support in America for further archæological investigation at Carthage by French and American scholars, the book may serve that highly commendable purpose, but it cannot be esteemed either as a source of accurate historical information or even as an intelligible record of what has actually been accomplished. For a clear account of what has already been done on the site and of the problems there which still await solution one must turn to Professor Francis W. Kelsey's brief "Preliminary Report on the Excavations at Carthage, 1925," which has just been published as a supplement to the *American Journal of Archaeology*.

Undeniably de Prorok deserves acknowledgment for having stirred an eager public curiosity among Americans in the undertaking at Carthage and for having secured the effective support of scientific assistance in excavations thus far made—notably at the Temple of Tanit—and for having incidentally brought to the knowledge of a wider circle of interested persons the scholarly work which the French have been doing in this region for many years. To Père Delattre, the Abbé Chabot, Stêphane Gsell, and Alfred Merlin belongs the credit of much sound unheralded accomplishment in the field of North African archæology.

Political Opinions

NATIONAL ISOLATION AN ILLUSION. By PERRY BELMONT. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLE. The Same.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MR. BELMONT has written the first of these two big books to show that the United States "has never been isolated," and that the Democratic party "derives its indestructible vitality from the principles upon which it was instituted—principles which lie at the foundation of the government of the Republic." Both propositions, in a general way, are true, but the precise relation between them is not made entirely clear in Mr. Belmont's pages. Perhaps it is the scrappy character of the narrative, heavily punctuated with quotations from writers whose opinions the author thinks it worth while to praise or blame; perhaps it is the disturbing digressions into political or military history, or the long section at the end devoted to the agitation for publicity of campaign expenses in which Mr. Belmont did yeoman service; but the book, like its companion volume of later date, leaves the impression that Mr. Belmont, having in mind a number of serious matters of which he wished to speak, set down his views as they came to him without much regard to whether or not they might hang well together. Such rambling writing may help to relieve the tedium of a rainy day at an inn or lighten the dulness of a cotter's Saturday night, but were American history as a whole to be treated in this discursive fashion, the ocean of books would have no shore beyond it set in all the sea.

Nevertheless, now that we are in for a period of Jeffersoniana, almost anything that is written about Jefferson or his times is likely to find interested readers. Br. Belmont, who in addition to being a well-known man and a well-known Democrat is also an admirer of Jefferson, is quite right in thinking that Jefferson has been rather badly treated by certain historians and biographers, that the Jeffersonian philosophy and the Jeffersonian contribution to American polity have been a good deal misunderstood, and that a wave of reaction against what is believed to be Jeffersonian doctrine has begun to roll. Unfortunately, neither of his two books does much more than has been done already to elucidate the general subject, and there will certainly be dissent from some of his claims. As a matter of fact the Federal Constitution, which Jefferson had no hand in framing, contains much less of democracy than the American people have been prevailed upon to believe; and even Jefferson, though he fought the aristocratic or class sentiment of which Hamilton was a distinguished embodiment, seems not to have allowed his theoretical views to stand in the way of anything that he wanted to do, and turned out to be one of the most masterful of presidents when the office came his way.

Just when American foreign policy was "formulated," to use Mr. Belmont's phrase, is hard to say. Taken as a whole it can hardly be said ever to have been formulated at all, in which respect the position of the United States is much like that of other nations. Mr. Belmont has no difficulty in showing that Amercan isolation, in spite of the declarations of Washington and Monroe, is a misnomer, and that in several instances Jefferson advocated views about foreign relations which have since more or less prevailed. The only policy, if it may be called such that the United States has followed consistently, that of professing an earnest purpose to avoid foreign entanglements while developing international relationships in all directions, owed quite as much to Washington and the Federalists as it did to Jefferson and the Democrats, and has undergone no material change whatver in the character of the Administration. The Democratic party, in other words, appears to be no better embodiment of historical principles than any other long-lived party has been. The chief difference is that it has had a longer continuous existence than any other party, and hence more opportunity to profit by its mistakes and give to theory and practice a surface appearance of historical consistency.

What is left vague in Mr. Belmont's first volume is not made much clearer in his second, and the same rambling method persists. Mr. Belmont quotes with approval Lincoln's remark that "the principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society," but even if Jefferson's principles were more evident than they are, the force of Lincoln's dictum obviously depends upon what is meant by a free society. America, at least, has never had a free political society, save in a highly specialized and guarded sense, whether in Jefferson's time or in any other, and the survival of the democratic principle which Mr. Belmont perceives has not prevented a portentous increase of restrictions, one of whose great objects, we are told, is to preserve democracy.

Mr. Belmont devotes some space to arguing against Federal centralization, and at that point his later book, oddly enough, is in accord with the doctrines of as seasoned a Republican as President Coolidge and as convinced a Democrat as Governor Ritchie. It is surprising, however, to find him urging that members of the Cabinet be given seats in Congress, as if the change would bring some appreciable political benefit, while at the same time he opposes any move in the direction of establishing in this country a parliamentary system of responsible government. The whole argument seems to turn upon the assumption that an irresponsible constitutional system, such as the United States is now seen to have had from the begining, can nevertheless be made to serve the ends of a genuine democracy. It will do so only when a man by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature.

Mention should be made of Mr. Belmont's severe but well-grounded criticism of Marshall for presuming to take part in the decision of the case of Marbury v. Madison, and of the inclusion in the second book of some excellent Democratic campaign material regarding Mr. Mellon's Aluminum Company of America and the tariff benefits associated with Senator Butler of Massachusetts. Neither book, indeed, is to be commended to Republicans who feel unsettled in their faith, for Mr. Belmont, in spite of the want of precision in his conclusions, lets fall by the way a deal of sound and irritating political common sense.

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Best Sellers

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Paul de Kruif's

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"It tells a story of thrilling and universal interest. Read the book."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

6th printing, illustrated, $3.50

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Good for a lifetime."—*Saturday Review.*

"Will become a permanent part of American literature." —*New York Times.*

5th printing, 2 Vols. $10.00

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German Books of 1926

By Erich Posselt

GERMAN publishing, for many years the admiration and often the envy of every other civilized country, is now sadly on the decline. The lamentable financial state of the nation, the post-bellum conditions which have reduced the cultured classes to actual poverty, and the "Amerikanismus" complex, not to mention a dozen lesser causes, have dragged book publishing down to a level where it is neither good art nor good business. Three of the leading German publishers, according to reliable information received here early in August, have notified their authors that they are practically insolvent, and are forced to discontinue all payments until some vague future date. More than a half dozen other important houses are expected to go into bankruptcy at any moment.

This depressing state of affairs is reflected in the fact that comparatively few books of real importance and merit have come out of Germany within the past six months. There are, however, a handful of titles worthy of extended mention. But in comparison with former years the list is a small one.

The following books, all of recent publication, will give the American reader interested in German literature, a general idea of the highlights of the past few months.

Arthur Schnitzler, as possibly the best known and best beloved of Continental writers in this country, comes first with his "Traumnovelle"—"Dreamnovel," from the house of S. Eischer in Berlin, and announced for fall release here by Simon & Schuster. The book ranks with Schnitzler's best. The prose is brilliantly suited to the text and the plot, by one of the world's best story tellers, is of a man's bizarre adventures in the course of a few nights, during which all the lost chances of love are revealed in a succession of exquisitely conceived and dramatically contrasted scenes. Dream and reality are subtly interwoven and, despite a somewhat unsatisfactory and abrupt ending, the reader leaves the book, strangely moved and conscious once more of the age-old truism, that in dreams there is reality, and in life the substance of dreams. Where does one begin, where does the other end? Ignoramus—ignorabimus!

Heinrich Mann, the gifted and younger brother of the better known Thomas Mann —and greater than he, according to some— presents a short novel, "Liliane und Paul," published by Zsolnay in Vienna. This is Mann's first book since "Der Kopf" which was a sensation in literary circles on its publication last year. "Liliane und Paul" describes two young people, tremendously attracted to each other, yet separated by hatred. Absolutely modern in conception, the story throbs with sex and hammering blood, a fascinating piece of craftsmanship. Possibly no more than a rest between two masterpieces, it is true. For it reaches neither the heights of the "Novels of the Countess of Assi" nor has it the magnificent power and grandeur of "The Head." Yet of undeniable interest.

Hailed as "the book of the year," the two-volume novel "Ein Erbe am Rhein," published under Kurt Wolff's imprint, places its Alsacian author, René Schickele, in the first rank of contemporary German writers. Schickele, like all his compatriots, stands between two cultures. Gide's book brought out the attachment of the French Alsacian to France. Schickele's novel demonstrates conclusively, however, how strong and unbreakable are the ties which bind the German Alsacian to the German soil. Unfortunately the author's attitude during the war when, as an exile in Switzerland, he attacked his own Fatherland, seems likely to discredit a book which, on the basis of its artistic merits, should have a wide success.

Happiness and sorrow are the respective keynotes of two other outstanding books: Selma Lagerlöf's "Charlotte Löwensköld," (Munich, Albert Langen), and Albert Ehrenstein's "Ritter des Todes," (Berlin, Ernst Rowohlt). Selma Lagerlöf, as a Swede, does not technically belong among German authors but her new novel has been published on the Continent in advance of the Scandinavian original. The press hailed it as a bearer of joy in a joyless and joy-hungry age.

The author of "Ritter des Todes" (Knights of Death) is known as the "singer of sadness." His new book is a collection of his immensely talented short stories, some new, some old, but all of them bearing the mark of genius.

Lion Feuchtwanger's name will be better known here when his most famous novel, "Jud Suess," will be published by the Viking Press in English in the fall. Meanwhile the German critics have awarded high honors, if not equal praise to his new book, also an historical novel, called "Die Hässliche Herzogin"—"The Ugly Duchess." The story is woven about the life of Margarete Maultasch, Duchess of the Tyrols— an interesting volume, if not as superbly colorful as "Jud Suess."

Bruno Frank, another one of the German *literati* of the younger generation practically unknown as yet in foreign parts, has written a beautiful, interesting, and stylistically flawless book around the Baron von Trenck whose love for the beautiful Amalie, the sister of Frederick the Great, plunged him from the heights of favoritism into the bitterness of exile and the dungeon where he spent nine years of his life chained to the damp wall. Released at last, he is forced to leave Prussia, and not until after the death of the king may he return. In a simply and deeply stirring scene, Frank describes his homecoming. Anyone able to read German ought to read this beautiful and important novel.

Gustav Meyrink, the author of "The Golem," "The Green Face," "Walpurgisnight," and many fantastic short stories, calls his new book "Goldmachergeschichten." He has dug deep into archives and old documents and tells the story of three famous alchemists, "The Monk Laskaris," "The Weird Guest," and "The Pole Sendivogius." They all came to grief through their quest for gold; but their fates make excellent reading and the book is decidedly worth while. It is published by Scherl in Berlin.

Of other German authors who have new books before the public, issued in 1926, we might mention: Gluth, "Die Prinzessin von Babylon" (Staachmann, Leipzig), the story of a German-American dollar-princess; Klein, "Die Tolle Herzogin" (Eysler, Berlin), recounting the adventures of a madcap duchess of the old régime; Arthur Landsberger, "Asiaten," a story of Japan and Japanese Geishas, strikingly anti-American in tendency (Munich, Müller); Paul, "Frau Sybrecht und die Drei Hühnerdiebe" (Mrs. Sybrecht and the three Chickenthieves) amusing enough, and an evening's entertainment; Schaefer, "Huldreich Zwingli," a historical novel of depth and insight written in as brilliant and poetic a German as can be found anywhere (Munich, Müller); Otto Soyka, "Im Banne der Welle," a fantastic radio-novel published by Engelhorn in Stuttgart; Rudolf Stratz, "Schwert and Feder" (Sword and Pen), an autobiography by the beloved author of a great number of best sellers not without literary merits; "Das Opferfest," by Otto Freiherr von Taube, called "the novel of German society," penetrating, well written, and fascinating (Insel, Leipzig); Watzlik "Ums Herrgottswort," a new novel by the gifted German-Bohemian author (Staackmann, Leipzig); Zobeltitz, "Das Fräulein und der Levantiner," dangerously close to the cheaper kind of best-sellers.

Obviously, the list could be prolonged *ad libitum;* but most of the rest are either too cheap to be mentioned or else too unimportant.

This survey, however, would not be complete without listing the collection of ballads by Lulu von Straus und Torney, "Reif Steht die Saat" (Jena, Diederichs), an extraordinarily beautiful and deep book by Germany's foremost poetess, second to none but perhaps Boerries Freiherr von Muenchausen in her own chosen field.

Of new plays bearing the earmarks of pure art which might be named, are Hasenlever's "Mord" (Potsdam, Kiepenheuer), Goetz's cycle of one act plays, "Nachtbeleuchtung" and Raoul Auernheim's "Casanova in Wien," together with Zuckmeyer's popular "Der "Fröhliche Weinberg," immensely successful on practically every German stage, and finally Arthur Schnitzler, once again, with his "Der Gang zum Weiher."

The oddest thing in connection with all these books is the fact that no American newspaper or magazine—although a number of them publish German book reviews— has mentioned more than one or two of the titles listed here. It seems difficult for this country to realize that German literature has ever gone beyond Schnitzler, Hauptmann, and other ante-bellum celebrities. Meanwhile the verists have followed the neo-romanticists, the expressionists, and the dadaists have seen their day, and the humanists (if this word is permissible) have shown a way into a new world of beauty and sun.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Belles Lettres

MORE THINGS THAT MATTER. By LORD RIDDELL. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

The topics that have mattered sufficiently to Lord Riddell to find a place in his latest collection of articles mattered previously to other persons who wrote books about them, in most cases. About two-thirds of the forty-one papers composing the volume fall more or less under the classification of book reviews. Of the remainder a great part are portraits of prominent men, and a number are reviews of large public questions. Lord Riddell, throughout, writes as a trained and competent player of golf does his string of holes. He carries a full kit of the standard literary clubs, and uses them with that dexterous neatness which it gives pleasure to watch. He drives straight down the fairway, keeps out of unprofitable bunkers, and sinks his ball in remarkably few shots. Only now and then does he perpetrate something original. In one brief essay, containing his reflections on a visit to the waxworks, since destroyed, of Mme. Tussaud, he notes that the universal smile of today is strictly a modern institution—"today the whole world is posing for the photographers." In a little study of Robert Burns, he raises the question why certain great lines of British poetry, the favorites of Gladstone, of Morley, of Strachey, are not generally popular; "these beautiful lines are too frigid," he suggests. The big poetic hits are simple thoughts, simply expressed, in musical cadence, and have the warmth of human blood in them. The articles, which appeared in *John O'London's Weekly*, range in subject from Greek thought and the nature of reality to modern salesmanship and advice to investors. Universality is surely Lord Riddell's specialty.

NEMESIS. By MICHAEL MONAHAN. New York. Frank-Maurice. 1926.

This is a book of pleasantly written essays that essentially belong to the Elbert Hubbard era of American literature and may safely be recommended to all still living in that period. To others it will seem to contain much discussion of dead issues. Horace Traubel may have written a foolish book on Whitman, Roosevelt may have made three mis-statements in calling Tom Paine "a dirty little atheist," Frank Harris may have slandered Renan—why should he have made an exception in his case?—but alas, who cares today? The sins of Byron, Shelley, and Oscar Wilde have already been forgiven their seventy times seven and hardly need Mr. Monahan's additional well-meant forgiveness. Even more unnecessary his futile attempt to vindicate Sappho from having conformed to the sexual customs of her time. Mr. Monahan has taken as his inspiration the lesser known function of the goddess Nemesis to guard the reputation of the dead, but it is unfortunate that his generosity could not find some one to whose clouded fame it would be really helpful.

A separate sheaf of essays bearing the sub-title "Heresies and Avowals" is of somewhat more interest. That the Catholic Index Expurgatorius is an absurd anachronism which the Church would do well for its own sake to suppress, that Roosevelt was not a genius, that the literary influence of Browning has been deplorable, and that d'Annunzio's "Francesca de Rimini" is a greater play than Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" are, if rather feeble as heresies, perfectly good as avowals. Perhaps the statement, made in regard to the sexiness of Schnitzler and Maupassant,—"the favorite theme of both involves a perpetual violation of the Sixth Commandment"—is a subtle heretical attempt to change the order of the Mosaic Ten, and in fact, taken in conjunction with another assertion, outwardly concerning plagiarism,—"Such was Heine's idea when he declared that there was no Sixth Commandment in Art"—it may even suggest a diabolical plot on Mr. Monahan's part to substitute the Sixth Commandment for all the rest. In the absence of any explicit statement to this effect, however, there seems no sufficient reason why Mr. Monahan should be tried for heresy or should be regarded as other than a rather graceful writer and enthusiastic lover of good books.

Drama

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Small, Maynard. 1926.

Mr. Laurence Housman has retold, in a form intended for stage production, the story of the death of Socrates. This Crito and Phædo "without tears," he hopes, may reach a larger public than usually reads the original Platonic dialogues. Such merits as belong to his book are to be credited to Plato rather than to the author himself, as Mr. Housman, no doubt, would be the first to agree. His excerpts are strung together rather loosely but if the scissors and paste are rather too apparent to those who know Mr. Housman's originals let us blame the impossibility of his method rather than the excellence of his intention. The appearance of Xanthippe, like her dialogue with Socrates, is rather incongruous. Mr. Housman fails to sketch the lady's shrewishness with any conviction. She leaves us unmoved and a little resentful. But Mr. Housman's worst fault is to be seen in the way he has innocently intensified the priggishness of Socrates. Even Plato could not help making him sententious. Mr. Housman makes him a sententious bore, so intolerable as to transfer the reader's sympathies to the bearers of the hemlock. The whole is ineffectual and would probably fail to hold a theatre audience.

IN A GARDEN. By PHILIP BARRY. Doran. 1926. $1.50.

Mr. Barry finds his material for "In a Garden" in two people, who, as Arthur Hopkins says in his preface, are "living in different worlds, talking to each other in strange languages, languages that even love cannot interpret." He takes a playwright who believes that the motivations in life are as simple, dogmatic, and unvarying as the little rules of conduct by which he governs his puppets, and he enmeshes this playwright in a situation needing to be treated as life instead of literature. Mr. Barry's dramatist borrows a smart plot idea from a friend without realizing that it touches his own household. He agrees that "every wife is, at heart, another man's mistress," and adds that the man in question is always the one "who happened to be on hand when first romance came to flower in her." Even upon discovering that this germinal idea for a plot is based upon something that had happened to his wife, he is undaunted because he thinks he can solve the situation as easily in life as he had planned to in his play. The man is coming to spend the week end, and the playwright, being sure that "fancy gives way to fact every time" determines he has only to place them in a garden suggestive of the one in which they had met years ago "to kill the memory." But he has not taken his wife into consideration, nor sensed her deep dislike for the endless rules and tiring rationality that he ascribes to all action.

The comedy that results has its gaucheries in construction and is not quite as deep as it sets out to be. Unfortunately, in the character of the secretary, who suffers sadly from Prossy's complaint, it lapses for the time being into the broad farce moments that seem inescapable in our native comedy. But it has its honest distinctions, too. It is innocent of those sickening grimaces at the balcony which blight so much of our playwrighting, and it is unflinching in its pursuit of the main idea. It is neat in its dialogue, and tender and intelligent in its treatment. In the second act, and particularly in the game of preferences between the wife and the man of her memory it makes the nearest approach to unfettered and truly distinguished high comedy that has yet been made by an American playwright.

THEATRE PRACTICE. By STARK YOUNG. Scribner's. 1926. $1.80.

No one has written with more insight and beauty of the art of acting than Stark Young. He has been able "to see the point," as he would put it, to seize upon the essential idea behind a performance, and to crystalize the eternal verities of an art usually obscured by personality or admired in terms of the easiest and most superficial *cliché*. "The Flower in Drama" and "Glamour" marked him as the logical successor to Lamb and Lewes and Coquelin in the slim list of those who can write of acting, and won for him a public eager to follow him in the æsthetics of the theatre. Because of that following, and because of the constantly multiplying courses in drama and stagecraft that have crept into our university and school curriculums, "Theatre Practice" is published and Mr. Young finds himself faced with a volume of "Selections from the Writings of Stark Young." For "Theatre Practice," with the exception of three or four essays is only "Glamour" (published last year),

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Drama

(*Continued from preceding page*)

and "The Flower in Drama" by another name. Essays from these earlier collections are assembled with a view to covering the arts of the theatre, and the book is fitted out with illustrations and questions to serve as a text book. It must be admitted that this matter of preparing the liquid beauties and rarified distinctions of Stark Young for school room consumption is not unlike trying to make drinking cups from a chalice. The essays, standing complete in themselves, when brought together in such a way, offer repetitions from one to another, but they offer an insight and an inspiration, too, that the classroom approaching the theatre needs. They range from acting and direction to costumes and the voice, but unfortunately, they do not complete the study with a chapter on scenic design. If the illustrations are supposed to do this, they fail sadly, for their relation either to the text or to themselves is not made clear, and they themselves are tortured to fit the page. Quite properly at the end of "Theatre Practice," almost as if summing up the essays that have gone before and serving as a symbol for their points, is Mr. Young's fine chapter on Duse.

Fiction

THE CRATER. By ROBERT GORE-BROWNE. Doran. 1926. $2.

Stories told by one to another and so recorded by the author almost invariably lack the subtle something that makes for verisimilitude. Here, however, Mr. Gore-Browne has done the exceptional and his narrative stands on its own two feet despite the constant intervention of the philosophic Ross and the author, deck companions homeward bound from Africa in the sullen nights that forbid sleep.

Ross maintains that in Africa the Lowest Common Failing of a man shows in relief more vivid, more fraught with consequence than elsewhere. To the tropic sun and dazing heat that stun the inhibitions and the sense of cosmic responsibility he attributes Man's resolution to his lowest natural level, the snapping of the chain at its weakest link. And when fate casts him in the way of persons who have been able to put his theory to the test, he sets himself to the piecing together of their experiences, thereby producing a convincing yarn. A singularly plausible solution his is, and we see three souls laid bare upon the altar of Necessity. Which stand the gaff and which gives way before the blast it is hardly fair here to relate.

Mr. Gore-Browne has the story-teller's instinct and a wealth of natural philosophy about him that makes him entertaining and by no means insignificant.

ON AN ISLAND THAT COST $24.00. By IRVIN S. COBB. Doran. 1926. $2.

The career of Mr. Irvin Cobb is not an encouraging phenomenon. He has written a great many books and a great deal more miscellaneous prose for the newspapers and the popular magazines; he has run daily humorous columns; he has made speeches and published anthologies of after dinner wit; he was prolific in his reactions to the war. He has never lacked, apparently, for something to say and someone to print what he has said. He has been successful and syndicated.

There have been signs, in spite of this, that Mr. Cobb was not quite satisfied with mass-production in literature. Notably in his "Old Judge Priest" he tried to break away from the stereotyped in character and the obvious in humor and satire. His success in that book is a matter of opinion, but it must be said that this new collection of short stories, for all that there are evidences of Mr. Cobb's care and determination to make of it something more than hack-work, is never wholly free from the commonplace *clichés* and the trite description of the newspaper feature writer. It is to be feared that the quantity of Mr. Cobb's writing has robbed his mind and style of any considerable distinction or value, and no reader looking for more than a casually interesting story will be satisfied by these latest examples of his work. Perhaps it is unfair to have expected Mr. Cobb to undergo an ordeal by syndication which has recently proved fatal to humorists and story tellers more distinguished than he, but the hopeful claim of his publishers that he has here written "the epic of twentieth-century Manhattan" makes him clearly open to the application of a high critical standard. As a matter of fact Mr. Cobb is probably well satisfied with many of the things he has done, and he may justly claim that a public for whatever he writes is not lacking. It is only in the vast number of similar talents that have been swallowed up and will no doubt continue to be swallowed up by the mechanistic literary trend of the day that his situation and careers like his are significant.

The first story, "Standing Room Only," is a fair example of his quality in this book. A lonely old man who lives in New York in the apartment of his daughter, decidedly upon sufferance, is killed by a street car and his body cremated. The ashes, in a little ornamental urn, are forgotten amongst the bric-a-brac in his former home. Considerable sentiment, a somewhat obvious satire, the O. Henry surprise formula, and a facile style make the story at once effective and not particularly worth-while. Crook stories like "The Black Duck" have been done with a great deal more pace by Mr. Cobb himself; elaborate contraptions like "Nobody Sees The Waiter's Face" and "A Coyote In Central Park" are as improbable and as manufactured as a poster advertisement for same new dentifrice. "A Letter to a Relative" is sincere and very full of feeling but it hardly rings a new change on a more than well-exploited subject. Altogether the ten stories are theatric and unbelievable; cinematic, one might label them. Separately, in magazines, they would make acceptable railway literature, but all together there is a superabundance of "sure stuff," so that in the end nothing counts but the cheapness of the whole. It is all a trifle depressing, because one suspects that Mr. Cobb with the most laudable intentions in the world has written in spite of himself just another syndication-standard book.

CAT'S CRADLE. By MAURICE BARING. Illustrated by DAPHNE BARING. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $4.

Mr. Baring's novels are not likely to attract the attention they deserve during the period of our present fashions in fiction. He writes in an essentially sober spirit with a fine feeling for values and in a prose that demands admiration in spite of its rather monotonous level of accuracy and urbanity. This monotony is, perhaps, the chief obstacle between the author and many of those readers who have yet to make the acquaintance of his work. There are nearly 800 pages in "Cat's Cradle." Such generosity tends to give a false emphasis to Mr. Baring's monotony. The word should not be mistaken as a synonym for dulness. Mr. Baring is never dull. It would be better if he were, for then his best chapters (and there are many) would stand out in relief from the bulk of the book.

As it is he moves surely and quietly (rather in the fashion of Trollope) through his story, seldom rises and seldom falls. There is little to titillate a reader schooled in the arenas of the twentieth century realists. Yet, when all is said, how much is left to admire in this sensitively constructed biographical novel. The discerning reader will clutch at the hint of Mr. Baring's quality when he comes upon the preface, a dedication to Mr. Hilaire Belloc. "It is a true story, although I invented it." This preface, by the way, is a piece of literary criticism as acute as anything we have recently read. The tale itself concerns the life of an English girl who marries an Italian nobleman and, as it unfolds, we are offered a panorama of nineteenth century Europe, especially its social aspect, painted in admirable colors. "Cat's Cradle" is exceptional in one thing at least. It is a book to be pondered and digested, something wherein the right kind of reader can fasten his intellectual teeth. Because it makes little or no claim upon superficial attention we cannot prophesy its popularity.

SMARANDA. By LORD THOMSON of Cardington. Doran. 1926.

This volume purports to present the diary and fugitive pieces of Brigadier-General Y, a rambling narrative of secret diplomatic missions in various European capitals during the war. The book gives a vivid account of the continued blundering of the allies in the most stupidly conducted war in history. Attention is focussed on the virtual betrayal of Rumania, called in the narrative "Smarandaland." The thin disguise of fiction and the introduction of a tenuous love story serve no purpose other than possibly to prevent the author's being called to account for indiscreet disclosures.

THE COMEBACK. By JOE MILLS SEARS. 1926. $1.50.

This tale of a collie that mates with a wolf, deserting her master, a wolf hunter, attempts to kill the latter when she finds him removing her puppies from her den, but later on, in a forest fire, dies for him, is by no means the worst of long dog stories—which are often extremely bad. Its simplicity is pleasant and its animals behave within reason; one may wonder how many bright hunters would, as Mr. Joe Mills's *Jim* does, loose a bitch, however well trained, to decoy a dog wolf. Mr. Mills betrays a legitimate but not unflattering admiration of "Lobo" and other tales by Thompson Seton, and it so far infects a crude illustrator that several of his drawings bear obvious resemblances to particular ones of Seton's.

THE BIG HOUSE AT INVER. By E. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

"The Big House at Inver," excellent of its kind, is one of those novels almost sure to attract no popular attention, yet not quite distinctive enough to be marked out by *cognoscenti.* In theme, it belongs with that uncommon yet recurrent group of novels, perhaps the most recent of which is Miss Kaye-Smith's "The End of the House of Alard," which describe the decline of landed-gentry fortunes. The scene

(*Continued on page* 60)

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DEATH IN THE WOODS *Sherwood Anderson*
With Mid-America as a background, Sherwood Anderson tells a story as moving and as colorful as any in "Winesburg, Ohio."

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Mr. Masters definitely established himself as an authentic American poet with his "SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY." "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP" is worthy of being classed with the best of Mr. Masters's work.

GUATEMALA *William McFee*
From his wide and varied experiences Mr. McFee draws a vivid picture of that little-known country in Central America.

NATHALIA FROM BROOKLYN *Nunnally Johnson*
Mr. Johnson was in a favorable position to observe all the fuss and furor of the Crane episode, still memorable to the readers of the public prints. Mr. Johnson writes intimately of Nathalia, her parents, and her self-constituted "investigators."

IOWA *By Ruth Suckow*
Literary Ladies—ubiquitous everywhere,—but extremely virulent in *Ioway*. Miss Suckow, author of THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL relates a sad tale of a rift in the ranks of Iowan ladies—some preferring to cultivate their minds, others more fruitfully the soil.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 58)

of this particular book is Ireland, which its authors know intimately—or which Mr. Ross knew before his death, since the actual execution of the novel is Mrs. Somerville's—and its chief characters the Prendeville family, owners of the Big House. Once important, they have fallen very much lower in the world through a succession of handsome and profligate scions who squandered money, married far beneath them, sowed a crop of illegitimate offspring, and generally seized the day. It is of Kit, the last of the house, that the story chiefly treats; and after covering a hundred and fifty years in a few chapters, it concentrates the remainder of the narrative on the events of a few months in the year 1912.

Kit at twenty-four, living with a very old father and a sixty-year-old half-sister, is true to his line. He falls in love with the right girl just a little too late, and though his fortunes, and those of the house, bid fair for awhile to go favorably, in the end his courtship fails and the great house is sold. It is a tribute to the quality of the book that one feels a very real and moving pang when Inver is sold away, and the concise, ironic ending of the novel is in keeping with that quality. "The Big House at Inver," has, to a moderate degree, almost everything to recommend it. It is interesting and lifelike, it has a touch of charm and of pathos, it is more than usually well-written, freaked with touches of humor and wit, clearly and sympathetically peopled, and without a shade of overemphasis quietly Irish in spirit. The story proceeds always along surfaces, never for an instant sounding depths or achieving significance, and is a very quiet story to boot, without moments of excitement or intensity; yet it is precisely as a story that it makes its appeal.

Government

THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY. By LOUISE OVERACKER. Macmillan. 1926.

Following the Roosevelt-Taft and Wilson-Clark Presidential primaries of 1912, it looked as if the new method of selecting delegates to national conventions and controlling their votes might become general. President Wilson in his first message to a regular session of Congress rather rashly stated that the subject, he hoped, could be handled promptly and without serious controversy. But the difficulties in the way of a national law governing primary elections are not easy to overcome. In addition, the States themselves have become critical of the device. Nevertheless, the Presidential primary is an important part of our nominating machinery and a book presenting the phenomena it has shown is to be welcomed.

All the factors entering into the Presidential primary are set forth in this volume, from such fundamental matters as control of the action of the delegates, expense, and the question of the open or the closed primary down to details like the form of the ballot. The author, although apparently favoring the Presidential primary, frankly admits that the difficulty of meeting all the problems it creates is "well-nigh insurmountable." To bind a delegate absolutely or to try to get rid of the convention by having a direct popular vote on candidates might cause no complications if a simple plurality were allowed to determine the choice, but this procedure is recognized as unwise. In some way a majority of the party ought to be brought into agreement upon its candidates. This a convention can do. The problem centers around the degree of control—not too rigid, not too loose—of the convention. The value of this book would be increased by connected accounts of the Presidential primary campaigns from 1912 to 1924, but it is a very useful treatise as it stands.

Poetry

GOING-TO-THE-STARS. By VACHEL LINDSAY. Appleton. 1926. $2.

This is far less finished and vital work than we had a right to expect from Vachel Lindsay. Again, as in "Going-to-the-Sun," the introduction and rhymes are the result of a tramping trip. There is a careless spontaneity to these and to the drawings and hieroglyphs. This is the notebook of an artist, full of rough sketches for poems, of casual pretty reflections, of clever marginal scrawls inspired by a Short Egyptian Grammar. It is a question whether such a notebook should have been put forth as a volume in itself. The work in verse is considerably below Lindsay's best. The material gathered together is in *disjecta membra poetæ*.

Spontaneity has ever been one of Lindsay's great charms as a poet, and the torrential quality of his poetic expression carried one's attention over bad lines and crabbed metrics as a cataract carries a leaf over the rocks just below the surface. But when the torrent ceases from spate the rough and bald nature of the stream bed is obtrusive. Occasional delicate and elusive beauties in the poems here present cannot reconcile one to awkward repetitions and banalities, to childishness frequently without the old saving grace, to prosy tedium in many verses.

Few poets in America have made such a vital and lasting contribution to native poetry as has Lindsay. Therefore we are but all too human in lamenting any apparent diminution of his powers. But we believe it to be an interim. We believe he is tentatively tuning up between acts, and that a new music will succeed.

Travel

ON THE MANDARIN ROAD. ROLAND DORGELES. Century. 1926. $3.

When an American man of letters rents a Florentine villa for a season the result is quite apt to be a "travel book." When an English gentlewoman of literary tastes spends her first winter in Morocco the result is apt to be another "travel book." But when a French *littérateur* slowly and deliberately assimilates the memories and impressions of life in Indo-China, the result is certain to be more than a "travel book."

In this respect Roland Dorgelès's "On the Mandarin Road" is in no way a disappointment. Shades of Loti and Renan; delicate pastels of jade rice-fields, of shining white marshes, of red roads underneath the palms; sharply etched pictures of slant-eyed coolies toiling under burning suns, of buffaloes driven by youngsters stretched out on their backs, of bare-breasted women singing as they crush their rice; silhouettes of crowded market-places, of dancing girls and temple bells—Dorgelès gives us the myriad lights and deep shadows of unknown Asia, the pungent atmosphere of the edge of the jungle, the life and color and pageantry bordering "on the Mandarin Road."

Yet this is not the exotic Orient of the "Arabian Nights" or the magic mystery of forgotten fairy tales. Charlie Chaplin has invaded the sacred precincts of Confucius, the Ford car has come like a swarm of gnats in the night, and Civilization stalks abroad in the raiment of New York and Paris. The Mandarin Road is a highway of strange contrasts which assault the senses and baffle the imagination. Progress or decadence? The land of fever and heavy rains is traversed by roads and teelgraph lines, and Angkor is no longer hidden away, inaccessible in the heart of its forests. Fathers and sons are poles apart; the one is afraid of the dragon, the other of the policeman.

"On the Mandarin Road" is a study in contrasts, the old pitted against the new, and fast losing ground. While embracing the old, Dorgelès does not discredit the new. "Our Occidental customs introduced into Indo-China have not destroyed the picturesque. They have merely transformed it." The fact, he maintains, that a Chinaman covers his microscopic head with a derby that is much too big for him does not change his nationality. He remains Chinese just the same, uniquely, superbly Chinese.

The book is evidently not built upon a preconceived plan. It appears to be without form and the chapters do not follow consecutively. The method is casual and the style informal, even in translation, at times languorous, at times moving at an astonishing tempo. Yet it should not be otherwise. Brilliant pictures, dusky vignettes, fleeting impressions, comments, conjectures, hopes, and regrets, are delightfully mingled, just as all things are delightfully mingled—in the East.

ENCHANTED TRAILS OF GLACIER PARK. By AGNES C. LAUT. McBride. 1926. $3.

The wild life and scenic beauty of "America's Switzerland" are here described with authority and appreciation by one who knows the region intimately. Besides her enlightening comment on the forestry, mountains, lakes, birds, and animals of the Park, the author discusses entertainingly its earlier history and that of its original inhabitants, the meagrely surviving Blackfeet Indians. The book is handsomely illustrated, and contains maps, and a valuably informing essay on "The Old Oregon Trail." It should be heartily commended to prospective tourists of this magnificent playground.

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Columbia University Press

2960 Broadway New York, N. Y.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE

By Herbert Allen Giles

Professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge

Professor Giles lived in China for many years and this book reflects his systematic investigation of the Chinese language, literature, history and characteristics.

Pp. ix + 229. $2.50

THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF CHINA

By Friedrich Hirth

Emeritus Professor of Chinese in Columbia University

The author traces the history of China from the mythological period down to the third century B. C. This part, which includes the age of Confucius and the classical Chou dynasty, produced standards that have become dominant in all development down to the present.

Pp. xx + 383. Map. $3.50

The Invention of Printing in China and Its Spread Westward

By Thomas F. Carter

Late Assistant Professor of Chinese in Columbia University

"The book is an absolutely authoritative account of what we know of the invention and the spread of the art of printing."—*Acta Orientalia.*

"The author skillfully and almost unconsciously takes the reader with him into a multitude of allied themes, so that his book amounts in reality to a summary of the latest findings on Chinese history, archæology and inventive genius."—*The Peking Leader.*

Pp. xviii + 282, 37 plates, chart, map, notes, bibliography and index. $7.50

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AT BOOKSTORES

Or direct from the Publishers

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

by Clara Sharpe Hough

An epic story of the great sea rovers who swept from Greenland to the coast of America in the year 1000 A.D.—and of the coming of a priest of the White Christ. A bold and glamorous romance, shrewdly charactered and colorfully told, based on a lost page of American history.

At bookstores $2.00

CENTURY—*Enduring Books*

FLORIDA. By KENNETH L. ROBERTS. Harper and Brothers. 1925. $2.50.

"Florida" is a journal of the year 1925-26, an epic of the Southern Gold Rush. No aspect of the phenomenon is left untouched. Furthermore, Mr. Roberts writes of this Pullman-car pilgrimage with all the verve and vigor that characterized his earlier writing, and those who are on their way to Florida will do well to slip it into an already over-crowded suit-case. Florida fever and Florida fireworks, Florida diversions and Florida occupations, all come in for their own, and the age-old Everglades have their say as surely as the more lately discovered Coral Gables, Hollywood, and Boca Raton.

Fortunate indeed for Florida to have had its somewhat belated début chronicled by so adept a reporter. Mr. Roberts had a good time at the party and there is no trace of a morning-after effect in his enthusiastic account. "Florida" is as interesting to read in retrospect as in anticipation, and if one has no thoughts of a trip South, the book is recommended as an excellent substitute. Humor lights Mr. Roberts' pages, but it does not approach the facetious nor obscure the information that is tactfully interwoven.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

SHOW-BOAT. By *Edna Ferber* (Doubleday, Page).

A MIRROR TO FRANCE. By *Ford Madox Ford* (A. & C. Boni).

MY MUSICAL LIFE. By *Walter Damrosch* (Scribners).

P. K. J., Hollywood, Cal., asks several questions about handbooks on English words and idioms.

"A DICTIONARY of Modern English Usage," by H. W. Fowler (Oxford University Press), answers all the questions thus compressed, settles countless disputes, and excites any number of healthful and fruitful discussions. Within five minutes of opening it, someone must be found to whom something must be read, the reading attended by alarums and excursions. Whether it be the spelling of lich-gate or the pronunciation of lichen, or the pitfalls laid by the word "what" for "those who think they can write well enough without stopping to learn grammar," or whether the eye, caught by "Swapping Horses," "Wardour Street," or "Love of the Long Word," lingers on what prove to be discussions of general principles, on you go, sending up rockets beginning "Listen to this. . . ." The paragraph on "Superfluous Words" starts a vigorous pruning upon one's vocabulary, and since the book appeared, blue pencils have been drawn through at least a thousand very's. It is a companion to the "Concise Oxford Dictionary," which I see is recommended by the *London Quarterly Review*, on the jacket of "Modern Usage" itself, as "more and more indispensable."

S. D., Moscow, Soviet Russia, asks what American authors of fiction are in a position to write with authority about negroes.

"PORGY," by Du Bose Heyward (Doran), is a poet's novel, deep and searching the heart, strangely and richly beautiful. "The Fire in the Flint," by Walter White (Knopf), is a burning problem novel. "Green Thursday," by Julia Peterkin (Knopf), a set of twelve remarkable short stories. T. S. Stribling's "Birthright" (Century), the first widely-discussed novel by the author of "Teef-tallow" (Doubleday, Page), is a document of social transition, quietly stating the tragedy of the forerunner. Include in the list Irvin Cobb's "J. Poindexter, Colored" (Doran), and notice, in the novels of Booth Tarkington, the extraordinary reality of the Negro characters, however small a part they take in the action—Herman and Verman, for instance, in the "Penrod" stories (Doubleday, Page). The stories of Hugh Wiley (Knopf) and of Octavus Roy Cohen (Dodd, Mead), concern themselves with the comic side of life in Negro settlements in large cities, as it appears to white observers: they are vivacious entertainments rather than sociological documents. For this subject in general, get "The New Negro," lately published by Albert & Charles Boni; for information on earlier writings by Negroes, Benjamin Brawley's "The Negro in Art and Literature in the United States" (Duffield), and Beatrice Morton's "Negro Poetry in America" (Stratford). Of the works of Burghardt Du Bois, the one I would choose for this collection would be the vibrant presentation of an awakening race, "Darkwater" (Harcourt, Brace). Herbert Seligman's "The Negro Faces America" (Harper) is a study of progress.

Let this student add to his equipment "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" (Viking Press), edited by James Weldon Johnson; "Mellows," a collection of work-songs from Louisiana (A. & C. Boni), and "Blues," an anthology lately published by the same house. Folk-music tells more than it says: the novel and the textbook, however much they mean to say, sometimes choke on words.

S. G. M., Berkeley, Cal., is looking for a history of the Paisley shawl, its patterns, origin, places of manufacture, etc.

I HAVE searched not a few large general collections and several special libraries, and find nothing save a pamphlet issued by the Cincinnati Museum, Cincinnati, Ohio, called "Cashmere Shawls." There is a great deal to be found, by special research, about patterns in weaving, but I can find no book especially about shawl patterns.

B. L. M., Kirksville, Mo., and C. B. M., Lincoln, Ill., ask for suggestions toward the choice of fiction suitable for reviews by reading clubs.

AS I begin this selection, which must be made some time before it can be printed, I must remind these book committees that the wave of Fall fiction is only just gathering, and that there will be new novels that I am now eagerly waiting to read. May Sinclair's "Far End" (Macmillan) will no doubt be published by the time this is printed, and Galsworthy's "The Silver Spoon" (Scribner) is going on with the Forsytes, but Rose Macaulay's new novel is not yet at hand, and that seems to be, from advance accounts, one to be on this list. H. G. Wells is at work on a huge one, "William Clissold," of which but the preface or apologia has yet seen the light: Arnold Bennett is to deal with a character based, it is rumored, upon Lord Beaverbrook; the author of "Lolly Willowes" has a novel on the way and anything she may write is worth waiting for. Frank Swinnerton's new novel is nearly ready, and—contrary to report—it will *not* be a sequal to "The Elder Sister." Mr. Swinnerton puts his sequels into his books, to be found by the discerning eye.

Of the new novels within my reach as I write, I place "Adam's Breed" (Doubleday, Page), at the head of the list. It is by Radclyffe Hall, a woman young in years but rich in understanding, capable of creating characters in the round, "real people," as we say when we mean people in books whose hearts we can read as well as their faces. The hero is an Italian waiter in a Soho restaurant, and the book, which takes the reader through every step in the providing, cooking, and serving of luxurious food to the luxurious, might have been written upon the text that man may not live by bread alone. It is a book to read slowly, forcing the reader to lay it down and meditate and calling him to take it up and go on reading.

"Precious Bane," by Mary Webb (Dutton), has been chosen by two French prize committees as the best novel of the year by an Englishwoman: it should be on our reading lists, and I hope it may turn interested readers to her earlier novels as well. "Man Trap," by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace), interests me partly by the exercise it affords in identifying, in his own earlier novels, the sources of its various characters and situations; partly by the speed and sweep of the action. "Beau Geste" has been followed by "Beau Sabreur" (Stokes), in which Percival Christopher Wren swoops down once more out of the clouds of romance. Ben Ames Williams's "The Silver Forest" (Dutton) comes just in time for me to include it, Warwick Deeping's "Sorrell and Son" (Knopf) has been with us long enough to win favor with those who believe that sympathy between father and son deserves a larger share in fiction than it has lately received. Harvey O'Higgins's "Clara Barron" (Harper) and Storm Jameson's "Three Kingdoms" (Knopf) are about what we used to call "new women," a perennial subject for club discussion. I am glad to see that one of the clubs lately applying for advice on review books had already begun its list with C. E. Montague's "Rough Justice" (Doubleday, Page); this is a war book with a difference. Susan Ertz's "After Noon" (Appleton) I have already offered to club reviewers; it presents problems that would daunt the young but that middle-age has earned the power to resolve. If the book to be reviewed is to be concerned with travel, or with conditions in far-off countries, there is a new novel, "But in Our Lives" (Appleton), by the famous explorer Sir Francis Younghusband, which gives a vivid and convincing view of English life in Inda, and J. C. Snaith's new novel, "What Is to Be" (Appleton) goes into the Balkans, where a tangle of intrigues of court and throne are resolved by destiny with the help of an attractive Englishman. Admirers of Thomas Burke will find in his new "East of the Mansion House" (Doran) much of the power, intensity, color, of "Limehouse Nights" and "The Wind and the Rain."

"Mape," by André Maurois (Appleton), is rather biography than fiction, but no list compiled for women's reading, in or out of clubs, should omit it. It is a book to own, even improving with time. Nor should a woman's club leave out "Memoirs of Halide Edib" (Century), which is history in the making.

More Argosies *of* Literary News

IT'S curious how words suffer abuse in the course of time. Take "gossip," for instance. We started to use it just now in connection with our Reader's Guide and were suddenly halted by the thought that some misguided soul might apply it in its derogatory sense instead of in its archaic meaning of a "friendly acquaintance."

We had intended to use it because we wanted to tell you that our good "gossip," Mrs. Becker, was coming back from England full of delightful reminiscences of the celebrities with whom her stay in London had brought her in contact. There was Christopher Robin, to begin with the youngest, who lives in a golden-walled nursery with the most human of Teddy-bears for a companion; there was Frank Swinnerton, domiciled in a tile-roofed cottage in Surrey, with a garden blazing with flowers stretching away from his study windows; there was the "audacious Miss King-Hall, who hoaxed the world by 'The Dairy of a Young Lady of Fashion,' and who is nineteen and looks sixteen, and about whom everything from her curly crop to her adolescent elbows quivers with glee at her adventure;" there was Silvia Townsend Warner, "who lives alone, guarded by a mysterious chow, smoke-black and as silent as all London dogs;" there was——

There's no use going further. We've reached the end of our space, and Mrs. Becker's recollections would fill many columns. You will be interested in her sprightly characterizations—there'e a long instalment of them coming next week in place of usual answers to requests for information. Perhaps some friend of yours would enjoy them also. If you think of anyone who would, won't you put his name and address on the coupon below? That might introduce *The Saturday Review* to a new subscriber.

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Points of View

The MacDowell Colony

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

When we read of a society that has been established "for the purpose of giving creative workers in the seven arts a practical workshop in a favorable environment, free from distractions and care," we are apt to think of it as having more of aspiration than possibility of achievement. But, oddly enough, in this instance, "a practical workshop in a favorable environment" has been established, and for quite a time now creative artists have been living in it and working in it, free, as far as outward arrangements are concerned, from distractions and care.

The quotation is from a leaflet issued by the Edward MacDowell Association; it is that association, founded under the inspiration of Edward MacDowell, that seeks to do and that has succeeded in doing such service for creative workers in the arts. Edward MacDowell, who had to combine teaching with musical creation, had to solve, like most other artists, the problem of how to secure some months of the year for the work he wanted to do, and how to use these months without hindrances and interruptions. He was able to buy for himself a farm in New Hampshire—a farm that had beautiful pine woods near it, and to build for himself a studio in the woods.

He wanted to have other studios in the woods near his, and he wanted to have other artists producing in them the work they most wanted to do. Before he could realize this particular plan Edward MacDowell died. Mrs. MacDowell resolved to carry out the plan that he had put his heart into, and those who wanted to commemorate Edward MacDowell's life coöperated with Mrs. MacDowell in this plan. The Edward MacDowell Association was formed, and the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro, New Hampshire, came into existence.

Only artists know of the difficulties under which every artist produces work. They, if no others, know that to write a few notes of music, to make a little sketch for a picture, to write a verse of a poem, to write a readable page in a story or an essay, to model a little figure, requires an amount of concentration of thought and mind which people who produce other kinds of things have rarely to employ. They know how easily such concentration is dissipated. And they know that a great many "creative workers in the seven arts" have to make a living in ways that use up nine-tenths of their energies, and that it is only during short intervals that most creative workers can give all of their minds to the work that they want to do. Knowing all this they must feel that what has been established in the Macdowell Colony is of the greatest possible benefit to "creative workers in the seven arts."

Through the labors of Mrs. MacDowell and through the coöperation of the Edward MacDowell Association the Colony that was established in Peterboro has grown more and more adequate to Edward MacDowell's idea. More than twenty studios are now in the woods near where the American composer set up his lone studio. Fine halls have been built to give other accommodation to the artists who are invited to the Colony and who go to live there for various terms from June to September.

What does it mean for an artist to be at the MacDowell Colony? It means that he or she has the most congenial surroundings, it means that he or she has two things which are necessary to an artist and two things that are not easily combined—solitude and society. Each artist has a studio in the woods. There he or she can do a full day's work without interruption. The workers have not to go back to one of the halls for luncheon—a mid-day meal is brought to them in their studios. They can go into their studio any time they want to go into it—they can stay in it all the time there is light. In the evening they come back to one of the halls. People working in the Colony meet in the evening; they can talk about their affairs or about how the world is going on. The living accommodation is excellent. And for it all there is only a nominal charge—ten dollars per week, a sum which even the most struggling artist can afford to pay. Only those who are known to be engaged in creative work are invited to the Colony.

The Colony created by Mrs. MacDowell and the Edward MacDowell Association is the best, because it is the most practical way of helping the creative worker in the arts. It gives him or her a chance to get to work. It is especially helpful and it is intended to be especially helpful to younger people, to people who have not yet made their name or done their most important work. At the same time many men and women who are famous and whose work is important go there and return again and again.

The MacDowell Colony gives a chance to the individual artist. It is possible that it is doing something besides that. One of the difficulties in the way of artistic production in America arises out of the fact that things are scattered over a vast area, and that in America there is no point of focus. In Europe there are the ancient capitals in which artists come together, kindling each other's ambition, backing each other's belief in the importance of artistic creation. In America there is as yet no such point of focus. It may be that the MacDowell Colony is making a point of focus. If it is doing that, even to a slight extent, it is doing something more than helping the individual artist to get his work done—it is doing a national work by fostering the creative forces in the country.

New Canaan, Conn. PADRAIC COLUM.

The Scholastics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The reply of Mr. Ernest Sutherland Bates to the letter of Mr. Durant, in which the author of "The Story of Philosophy" gave his explanation for his summary treatment of Scholasticism, leaves one with a suspicion that Mr. Bates is a special pleader for Schoolmen.

No one who is conversant with the history of philosophic thought in Europe during the Middle Ages questions for a moment the decisive part played by the Schoolmen in shaping the intellectual foundations of the period. For a thousand years the Catholic Church made civilization in Europe, and Scholasticism wrote the title deeds to her empire.

That Scholastic philosophy is only the vestibule to the temple of "Sacræ Theologiæ," as Mr. Durant maintains, is abundantly supported by innumerable references in the works of the Scholastics, and it is laid down today as one of the prolegomena to the study of philosophy in the text books of the modern Scholastics. To qualify Mr. Durant's statement, that the Scholastics belong to the history of theology rather than to the story of philosophy, as "specious," is little short of presumption. *"Quod gratis asseritur gratis negatur."*

The word "supernatural" is never an ambiguous term in Scholastic philosophy or theology, and Mr. Durant's Scholastic training has left him with no doubt as to its precise meaning. It is a vague word only in modern dialectics, and only a modern philosopher could attach any meaning to the term when applied to "Platonic Ideas, the Substance of Spinoza, or the Absolute of Hegel." If Mr. Durant's argument is "purely specious," then Mr. Bates's contention that mediæval cosmology is no more based on "supernaturalism" than the cosmology of Aristotle, is more than specious; it is absurd.

From first to last the Scholastic revival of Aristotle was tinged with the bias of the principle that there can be no contradiction between reason and revelation. Starting with revelation as their unquestioned datum, Scholasticism set about the task of squaring the ways of the universe with the revealed word of God. The great Schoolmen did indeed address themselves to an understanding of "the world, life, and conduct," but consciously or unconciously always *sub specie theologae*. To assert the contrary is to be ignorant of or to ignore the whole undercurrent of mediæval speculation. St. Thomas Aquinas was one of the greatest dialecticians the world has known, but he was *semper et ubique* a devout son of the Church.

If Mr. Durant is too prone to dismiss the whole Scholastic movement in philosophy as of no interest to the modern reader, Mr. Bates's enthusiasm for the Schoolmen has led him to the opposite extreme. They were good Aristotelians, but what precise help they offer to a modern mind in a study of "the main themes of philosophy" Mr. Bates has not made clear.

EDMUND C. RICHARDS.

Small Type

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Is there any way of "getting under" or making war against publishers who produce books with small type?

As a seller of books for boys and girls, I have been literally bombarded with complaints from customers about them. Many refuse to consider books with excellent material just because of poor print.

For example, Friday two new things came to us from the Sears Co., "These Splendid Painters," selected accounts of Vasari's about Giotto, Leonardo, and many others, and "Big World Fights" as told by Herodotus, Southey, Victor Hugo. Although they are offered for sale for only $1.25, we know that most of our copies will be "dead wood" on our hands.

The printers of such books are not only defeating their own purposes as to sales, but they are sacrificing the eyes of boys, girls, and grown-ups.

ETHEL RANNEY.
Bookshop for Boys and Girls,
Boston, Mass.

Johnson's Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Some twenty-five of Johnson's letters were sold at Sotheby's on January 22, 1907. They passed, through a London bookseller and a Philadelphia bookseller, to an American collector who cannot now be traced. But as no one of them seems to have been in the market since, it may be presumed that the collection is intact. Its chief importance to a would-be editor lies in the fact that it includes several letters which have not been printed. The rest are in Mrs. Piozzi's volumes; but here the brief quotations in the auction catalogue exhibit tantalizing variations. For example, in the letter from Otsig, in Sky, September 30, 1773, where Mrs. Piozzi prints "I cannot think many things here more likely to effect the fancy than to see Johnson ending his sixty-fourth year in the wilderness of the Hebrides," the catalogue has not "to see Johnson" but "Mr. Sam. Johnson."

Can anyone disclose the whereabouts of this hoard?

R. W. CHAPMAN.
The Clarendon Press, Oxford, England.

On the Air

During the present month digests of the following magazine articles, selected by a Council of Librarians, have been prepared under the auspices of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and broadcast through Station WOR.

HOW DID WE GET THAT WAY? James Harvey Robinson in *Harper's Magazine*.

Is history dull? Yes, as usually studied and taught, says the author of "The Mind in the Making." But history as the study of "how we got that way" is fascinating, frees us of prejudice, shows us our world in new perspective.

THE NEW TAMMANY. Gustavus Myers in *Century*.

The Tiger changes his stripes. No longer does Tammany Hall suggest corruption. The new administration which controls the government of New York City is something new in the city's experience. The author vividly contrasts the old and the new.

GROVER CLEVELAND. Edgar Lee Masters in *American Mercury*.

The author has from his early youth taken a very keen interest in politics. In this article on Cleveland, Mr. Masters discusses his subject with an understanding born of a thorough knowledge of the entire literature and politics about him.

A TEMPERAMENTAL JOURNEY. A. Edward Newton in *Atlantic Monthly*.

All city folks now on vacation will relish the author's ludicrous efforts to find a proper country house in England. As a result, Mr. Newton found that there was no place like his home in Daylessford, Pennsylvania.

PROHIBITION IN THE LONG RUN. Sir Arthur Newsholme in *Survey Graphic*.

A distinguished British health authority who considers that prohibition puts America in first place in the public health world traces British experience with drink control.

THE NEW SECESSION. Langdon Mitchell in *Atlantic Monthly*.

This article is directly opposed to the picture portrayed in "Home." Here's a paper on the history and ideals of the South which will be clipped and treasured in a thousand scrap books. It bears the sub-title "The Record of a Noble Inheritance."

HOME. By a returning American in *Atlantic Monthly*.

It will not be difficult to accept the searching criticism of an American who, after a sojourn abroad, returns to find tumultous changes in our home life. All observing travelers will find this article stimulates discussion.

TRAVELING INTELLIGENTLY IN AMERICA. Henry Seidel Canby in *Scribner's*.

Mr. Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and member of the English Department of Yale University, tells what's wrong with the attitude of most travelers and with travel books, then he offers constructive suggestions.

THE GIFT OF ONE COMMON TONGUE. J. C. Breckenridge in *Survey Graphic*.

A colonel in the United States Marine Corps draws on his round-the-world experience with the riddle of languages and suggests a sensible solution as a step toward world peace.

THE MORALS OF COLLEGE JOURNALISM. E. C. Hopwood in *Scribner's*.

The editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* appraises college life by the quality of its journalism and analyzes seven humorous publications to discover the way of the campus wits. A new angle of approach to the ever-present younger generation question.

HERMAN MELVILLE'S
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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

THE KENNAN COLLECTION

LAST month the New York Public Library *Bulletin* called attention to recent additions that had been made to the George Kennan collection of Russian material. It is now more than six years since George Kennan, the great traveller, investigator, and writer, gave the collection of books, manuscripts, photographs, and prinrts which he gathered in his years of intensive study of the Siberian prison system to the New York Public Library. Few perhaps, realize that this is one of the most important assemblages of Russian material, of the period it covers, to be found anywhere in this country.

The manuscript material is of especial interest to the student of the prison and exile system as it affected the political criminals in Siberia. It comprises a large number of letters, written mostly in the 80's and early 90's, by political convicts and other people connected with the emancipatory movement. First of all, there are letters addressed to Mr. Kennan himself. In the course of his study of the political prison system in Siberia in 1885-1886, Mr. Kennan formed many friendships among the liberals and revolutionists and laid the foundation for a correspondence which in some cases lasted for years. Thus we have here letters, mostly written in the 80's, by Lesevich, Peter Lavrov, Stepniak, Shishko, Lobanovski, Burtzev, Klementaz, Bialoveski, Stanyukovich, Machtet, Drahomanov, to mention only the better known names. There are also about twenty letters by Yegor Lazarev, a revolutionist, written in this country, to which their author had escaped from Siberia; and several letters to Mr. Kennan from Schlikerman, another revolutionist who found refuge in this country and who at one time resided in Brooklyn. There are about forty letters from Catherine Breshkovskaya, known as the grandmother of the Russian revolution. There is a mass of manuscript material relating to the biography of the convicts, and official documents relating to the life of the exiles.

In reply to an inquiry Mr. Kennan said: "No one except myself has ever used any of the manuscript and pictorial material that I sent you, and I have used a part of it only in one of my books, "Siberia and the Exile System." How much of it I have used I can't certainly tell you; probably not more than one-quarter, possibly much less than that. . . . Most of the manuscript material is new, that is, it has never been used by me or by anybody else, so far as I know."

The pictorial material forms a fitting complement to the letters and manuscripts, for it contains a collection of over 200 photographs Kennan brought back from Siberia in 1886. "When the complete history of the Russian revolutionary movement comes to be written," he said, "these portraits of the early revolutionists will be of great interest and value. I doubt whether there is a larger collection of them in existence." Each portrait, except for a few unidentified pieces, has on the back a biographical note penned in most cases by Mr. Kennan, while some photographs are autographed. "Siberia tenders its hand to America" is written on the portrait of Yadrintzev, an old exile and an authority on Siberia. Besides these photographs there is a vast amount of pictorial material of more or less general interest.

The books, pamphlets, and magazines, some 300 in all, are mostly in Russian. Like the manuscripts and photographs, they date back, in most cases, to the 80's and 90's of the last century. This circumstance adds considerably to the value of the collection, inasmuch as Russian books of that period are at present very hard to obtain. A great many volumes are presentation copies to Mr. Kennan from their authors. The printed material deals with a wide variety of subjects. A large number published under the auspices of the ministry of finance are very important. There are substantial works on Russian history, jurisprudence, government, economics, public education, status of the Russian Jews, together with the works of several classical writers of poetry, drama, and fiction. In spite of its miscellaneous character, the printed material reflects clearly the author's chief interest: Siberia and its prison population. In addition to the pamphlets and books there are upwards of seventy-five magazine articles, both Russian and English, either written by Mr. Kennan or upon subjects which were of interest to him.

The Kennan written, pictorial, and printed material has a double interest: (1) It is a unique collection relating to an interesting phase of Russian life in the last half of the last century; (2) its identification with George Kennan, who gathered the material and used a part of it in an exposure that commanded the attention of the world at the time. The New York Public Library is indeed fortunate to have received such a gift.

MS. OF WAGNER'S FIRST OPERA.

THE interesting story of the manuscript of Richard Wagner's first opera, "Die Hochzeit," (The Wedding), has recently been told by Theodore Stearns. Wagner took the music of the opening sextet—all that he composed of the work—to Wurzburg, Bavaria, in 1833, where, at the age of twenty-one, he signed his first contract with the State Opera House in that city, gave his manuscript away, left Wurzburg a year later and then, for nearly forty years, forgot all about the matter. In the meantime this opening sextet to his own libretto of "Die Hochzeit" underwent a most curious and interesting fate. It passed from hand to hand and was sold and resold—each time at a price that shot constantly upward—until now it is in the archives of the music publishers, Breitkopf & Hartel, in Leipsic. In 1834, Wagner left Wurzburg and the singing society with which he had been connected disbanded temporarily owing to financial difficulties. The bookseller Beyer had advanced money to the society and he now took over its music library. Beyer died, the music library was sold, Wagner's first manuscript selling for four gulden, or 70 cents in the money of today. In 1879, after owning the score for thirty years, Roesner, the music dealer, wrote to Wagner that he was in possession of the manuscript of "Die Hochzeit" and offered to sell it back to him, a proposition which the composer declined, demanding that the score be sent to him forthwith. The music dealer consulted an attorney, and following his advice stated that he could not let the score go without reimbursement. Wagner went to Wurzburg in a whirlwind of wrath and started legal proceedings to replevin the manuscript, but lost his suit, as thirty years in Germany constituted legal ownership. After the lawyers had packed up their briefs and the storm was over, Roesner sold the opera for 150 marks. The next owner sold it to an English collector for 2,000 marks. After her death it came into the possession of an English firm for 20,000 marks. Later it went back to England at 35,000 marks, and in 1912 it passed into the archives of Breitkopf & Hartel, at an advance but at just how much was never announced. These transactions were all before the world war, when prices generally were much lower than they are now.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

COLLECTORS of Americana of the Revolutionary War period will be interested in the "Paper of King George III" which will be published in four volumes by Macmillan & Co. of London soon.

The late Robert T. Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln, acquired as head of the family, and by collecting, many mementoes of his father. To none of these would he allow access. He boxed up his manuscript material, including letters written by and to his father, and turned it over to the Library of Congress several years before he died. He deeded the collection to the Federal Government, with a covenant that it should not be made public until twenty-years after his death.

In the analysis of the month's demand for modern first editions, for the four weeks ending June 19, printed in the July number of *The Bookman's Journal*, compiled from desiderata of second-hand booksellers, the ten at the head of the list are as follow: G. Bernard Shaw, Joseph Conrad, Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope, John Galsworthy, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, W. M. Thackeray, W. H. Hudson, and G. K. Chesterton. The long list of other names indicate that there is a wide and keen interest still in the first editions of modern British authors in England, many of whom are now living.

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And Doria . . . a worn out rake, fleshy and heaving, flushed with food and wine, guzzled and gorged and made ridiculous love to his apathetic mistress, who smiled at the man at the next table.

* * *

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The Phoenix Nest

THE course of events in Mexico having been what it is, and the sister country being a constant enigma to Americans, Appleton calls our attention to a few books on Mexico that they publish and suggest. Of course, *Charles Macomb Flandrau's* old book on Mexico, "Viva Mexico" has true literary quality, as we have often said. It remains a minor classic. But then there is also a popular history by *Louise Seymour Hasbrouck*, "Mexico from Cortes to Carranza," *James Creelman's* "Diaz: Master of Mexico," *John Reed's* "Insurgent Mexico" (a book written by one of the most brilliant revolutionaries ever born in the United States, a man with a natural and distinguished narrative gift), *Chester Lloyd Jones's* "Mexico and its Reconstruction," and *Stephen Graham's* "In Quest of El Dorado," which traces the course of the Spanish explorers in the New World. . . .

Amy Lowell's "East Wind," her second posthumous volume of poems, will be published on August 27th. We have read an advance copy and can report that the narratives included are all interesting. "The Rosebud Wall-Paper" is our favorite, a weird narrative poem which we shall long remember. . . .

Good lack, how *E. Barrington* does keep it up! Her "The Necklace of Marie Antoinette" is spinning merrily along in *Hearst's International*, her "The Exquisite Perdita" is bursting from Dodd, Mead in book form, and the same publishers report that her novel for 1928 is already completed and in their hands. Her 1927 novel treats of Queen Elizabeth and is entitled "The Laughing Queen." It also is (naturally) in hand. . . .

Likewise, under the name of *L. Adams Beck*, E. Barrington produces this fall, "Dreams and Delights," new stories of the breathless jungles of Ceylon, of the Himalayan mountains and the Chinese seas. Among the tales included, "Lydiat" is said to be an autobiographical sketch wherein one may learn something more intimate concerning this astonishingly productive and versatile writer. . . .

In connection with "The Exquisite Perdita," Minton, Balch and Company announce for September 24th, "The Linleys of Bath" by *Clementina Black*. Barringtonians will recall that both *Elizabeth Linley* and *Sheridan* are conspicuous figures in "The Exquisite Perdita." Miss Black tells in full detail the story of the tempestuous love affair between Elizabeth, the greatest singer of her time, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

. . .

We have seen a picture now of the celebrated writer on crime, *William Roughead*. According to the picture he had better have been named Smoothhead. Anyway, Dutton is publishing his "The Fatal Countess and Other Studies" in the middle of September. Mysterious past history is Mr. Roughead's peculiar province, and even his titles are exciting, "Laurel Water; or the Wicked Brother," "The Ambiguities of Miss Smith," "Physic and Forgery," etc. . . .

In the second issue of the *Poetry Folio*, published at 5176 Woodlawn Avenue, Pittsburgh, we have found a poem by *James Daly*, two verses of which we quote:

FRONTIERSMAN IN THE CITY

For seven days the man has wandered,
Trying to blossom, one by one,
The twigless bars, the leafless flanges,
That darkly loom against the sun;
For seven days he has not tasted
Apples that grow in distant ranges.

Now why, he ponders, plant such orchards?
Why plant these trees of gloomy steel
That shut out moons but never flourish,
That have no leaves, no nests reveal? . . .
Tomorrow he must find the forest
And climb a branch whose fruit will nourish.

The Press of the Poetry Folio announces the publication of "The Guilty Sun," a volume of poems by James Daly. It should be a book worth having. . . .

Some time ago *F. Gardner Clough* advised us of alarums and excursions in Woodstock similar to those tremors recently felt in Santa Fé, New Mexico, when Mary Austin soundly objected to "culture clubs." "Don't hock Woodstock!" is the cry of alarm headlined on a dodger that "scores" possible exploitation of this artist's colony by any invasion of realtors. The scare-paper does not scare our correspondent who knows that Woodstock has ample opportunity to resist the invasion of the usual "two-months" tourists that invade other Catskill Mountain towns. Many of the artists have moved away from the village center, some as far as four or five miles. From Santa Fé, Mr. Clough opines that Santa Féans have no such desirable geographical freedoms. He thinks Mary Austin's alarm more necessary. The last two paragraphs of Mr. Clough's letter, anent the artist's problem, seem to us worth printing here entire.

Isn't the artist's problem a peculiar one? He rises from poverty, draws kindred minds and temperaments about him,—then the very minute his colony life is established, he rebels against his admirers who naturally bring civilization into his retreat. Doesn't he court "boosting" methods, then find that he has made a mistake? Isn't the rebellion an habitual one on his part? Wouldn't the genuine creative artist move to some nook in the nation to his own liking, as many Woodstockers are doing now, and pursue his life without screaming aloud at the sight of a new resident, or the plans of some "twopenny" organization? I wonder.

One hesitates to give the enclosed "scare" overmuch attention. The hidden identity of the writer, or writers, doesn't make their caution seem at all necessary. For several years I have written-up what I saw to be the genuine work being done at Woodstock; naturally I cannot become alarmed over a few temporary real estate investments there. If Woodstock has grown from her own roots, there is little danger that anyone can make a Miami, or a Hollywood, of the place. I do not hear *Hervey White* (of the *Maverick*) of *R. R. Whitehead* (of Byrdcliffe) making loud protests against physical growth of their township.

. . . Scribners announces the publication of the Julian Edition of the complete works of *Percy Bysshe Shelley*, to comprise ten volumes. The edition is newly edited, with an introduction and critical and biographical notes, by *Roger Ingpen* and *Walter E. Peck*. It is limited to 765 sets for sale, 480 of which are issued in London by Ernest Benn, Limited, and 285 in America by the Scribners. The only earlier edition with any claim to completeness was issued in 1880 and has been out of print for some years. In the half-century since it was published, much new material in verse and prose has come to light, including one complete volume of the early poems, and many letters. . . .

Meredith Nicholson has written an introduction for "Modern Aladdins and their Magic" by *Charles E. Rush*, librarian of the Indianapolis Public Library, and *Amy Winslow*. This book was published by Little, Brown and Company under the editorial supervision of the Atlantic Monthly Press. It contains true stories concerning everyday mysteries: How the Wasp taught us to make Paper, the Mystery of Melted Sand, The Wooden Box that Sings, and so on. . . . .

Charles Dana Gibson began his career by cutting out remarkable silhouettes. The June number of *The Horn Book*, a magazine published four times a year by The Bookshop for Boys and Girls, 270 Boylston Street, Boston, revealed to us the work of a new young silhouettist whose remarkable achievements have been on exhibition at the Bookshop. *Joseph Cranstoun Jones* is the young man's name. He is sixteen and his home is Augusta, Georgia. "Joe's art," says Nat Choate, writing of him in the quarterly mentioned, "does not require mention of the fact that he has been an invalid all his life and has spent most of his sixteen years in bed—for a long time strapped to his cot in a hospital, during which time his frail deft fingers fashioned silhouettes." An example of his work is reproduced here.

. . .

A new literary oddity emerged in *Sir Edmund Gosse's* review of *J. B. Priestley's* new Life of *George Meredith*, as printed in the *London Sunday Times* in early June. Thus Mr. Gosse:

"Ah! where the woodbines with sleepy arms
have wound her,
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains
echo round her,
To her lost mate's call in the forests far
away."

Nine readers out of ten, asked who wrote that, would say, "*George Meredith,* in 'Love in a Valley,'" but they would be wrong; it was written, with other lines even more Meredithian, by *George Darley*, who died in 1846.

Which being the case, so-long!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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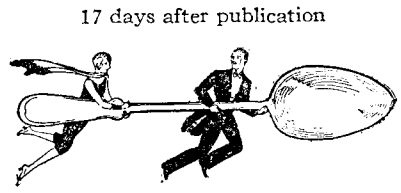

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